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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Planters' Journal.

FARMING IN ATTAKAPAS.

On the prairie, between Mr. Moss's and Vermillionville, we stopped at a small mud hut, with *two* wretched looking China trees in front, and a fence enclosing about 60 square feet. After some difficulty, we got *over* the fence, and found in the enclosure, besides the house and China trees, two or three cows, a well, part of a loom, and a saddle. We were met at the door by a good-looking man, who politely invited us in, when we made known our business—"looking at the country," "seeing how the people live," &c. He spoke some English. His wife, quite a handsome woman, was clearing away the breakfast table, and four sun-burnt children, *sans culottes*, were rolling on the floor. There were two rooms, two chairs, two safes, two beds, and a table, and no glass in the windows.

"I suppose," said we, "you have just moved into this house."

"Non," said he, "je reste ici six ans."

"Six years!—were you born in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, on this prairie."

"You ought to have a fine garden in this rich country—do you not use cabbage, and beets, and beans, and other vegetables?"

"No," he said, "he had onions at times, and he raised corn in co-partnership with a neighbor."

We asked him how he ground his corn, and he said he had enough ground for his family, by a neighbor, at one dollar a year. We inquired about his way of living. He said they lived principally upon "mais et du bœuf," corn and beef. They raised corn and chickens, and sometimes hogs—they had milk and eggs, and occasionally, coffee. They had plenty of beef. He united with twelve or thirteen of his neighbors, who killed a beef, every Saturday and Wednesday. A "share" in this beef is generally one-fourth of a quarter. He took one share—some, with large families, took two shares. The meat was generally boiled. We asked him what he raised for market. He said he sold a beef now and then, and his wife made cottonade, which he sold at Vermillion or St. Martinsville, at $1,50 per yard. On farther inquiry, we found that his wife could weave three yards a day, on her common loom.

The day previous, we saw a black girl, between twelve and thirteen years old, weaving at Mr. J. F. Miller's, and she made, we are informed, with the flying shuttle, *thirteen or fourteen* yards per day! At Mr. Moss's we also saw a machine, with which a negro woman was actually making *ten* times the quantity of yarn per day, that the Creole or Acadian woman made, on the old fashioned system! It appeared that this Creole woman was constantly employed, to support the family. When not attending to her household duties, she was making cottonade. The man did little besides raising some corn, and occasionally riding after the cattle. He said few of the Acadians sent their children to school—they could not afford it. While he spoke, he whittled a stick, and this was all we saw of the Yankee about him.

From the True Wesleyan.

REPUBLICAN DESPOTISM.

In the State of Connecticut, I found a refugee from justice, who had fled from the blood-hounds and hell-hounds of Georgia. On the upper joint of each fore-finger, her master's name was printed in letters of fire—from her wrist to her neck, her arm was full of black scars of the bloody whip, and she said her back was in the same condition. She was large, stout, and active, and was compelled to marry at 14 years of age, that her master might make gain by selling her offspring. After she had borne four children, her master sold the two oldest away from her, but she clung to them as with a death grasp, and begged him not to let them go, but while she asked an egg, he gave her a scorpion, by shooting her in the arm, which struck her numb, and unclenched her hands, and the precious jewels of her bosom were snatched away, she knows not where. The next day she was in as great agony as she could well endure. Some of the shot still remain in her arm, and are plainly perceived just under the skin. Said she, they use to strip us naked, tie our feet together, cross our hands, and swing us up by the wrists, then draw the cat-o'-nine-tails through the left hand to straighten the lash, and bring it down upon us so as to draw blood at every stroke. Many a time, when we were digging as hard as we could with a heavy hoe, they would lay on the lash till the blood would run down our backs to the ground, and I would look up to my God and pray for them, and feel happy. We often sat up till midnight or break of day, to go to meeting, and got dreadfully whipped when we came home, but we would go.

When her two oldest children were sold, she resolved to fly to the North for refuge. She soon found an opportunity to escape, with her two remaining children, and by lashing the oldest of them to her back, and placing the youngest in a sack at her bosom, she mounted some stilt clutches to prevent the dogs from scenting her track, and thus this child of God took up her line of march for freedom, and though, as she said, it was dreadful hard work, yet through the good hand of God, by great effort she reached Pennsylvania, half dead with hunger and fatigue, having slept by day and travelled by night, and snatching her food as she could catch it. After a short tarry with a Quaker family, she looked out of the window, and lo! her old master was coming. She cried out, "la! misse, there is my massa, as true as you live, and there is the old white horse I used to drive," and her limbs became like a rag, and she dropped to the floor. The Quaker hastened to her help, and raising a trap-door, lifted her up, and put her children and her down into a cellar hole. Her master and his posse came in and searched the house, but found her not. After this, they sent her and one child to New Haven, and thence to the place where I saw her, where she wept and talked, and I wept and prayed with her. God save the people—save the slaves.

SOMETHING NEW.

Our readers may remember a statement published some weeks since of a wild negro having been seen in the parish of Caddo, Louisiana.—The last number of the Caddo Gazette contains a long article from the pen of Mr. J. M. Price of that parish, descriptive of his successful attempt to catch this nondescript, and of several of his peculiarities. The editor of the Gazette declares that the creature possesses an appendage which Dr. Price omitted to mention, viz: a tail about three inches long, with hair on it. If this be so, the idea, of its belonging to the genus *homo* must be abandoned, unless some acute philosopher should prove that Lord Monboddo's theory of men being originally monkeys, furnished with tails, is true, and that the animal in question is a specimen of Lord Monboddo's idea of primitive humanity.

It appears from the account given by Mr. Price, that he, in company with Mr. Perry, proceeded to the haunts of the creature, which he attacked by means of a pack of hounds. After running some time, they beheld a creature coursing along at great speed, and resembling a bear rather than a man Dr. Price got within ten paces of him, and commanded him to stop, but instead of pausing, he took to a river. He was pursued by the party, which finally arrived at a very thick canebreak, in the midst of which was a large gum tree, with a hole just large enough for a person to squeeze in. "I looked in," says Dr. Price, "and could see the singular being squatting in a corner of the hollow, and looking more like a bear than a human being." It being almost night, they concluded to wait till morning. At break of day they commenced cutting him out. He was ferocious, and indomitable, fighting with fury, and was only subdued by a rope being thrown around his neck, and tightened until his respiration was almost checked. He was finally secured, and taken to Dr. Price's house, where he can be seen.

No doubt, adds the Doctor, he is one of those negroes that has by some means strayed off when he was small: and it is the opinion of Mr. Caffrey that he came there when a child, or perhaps he was born there, as there was two skeletons in the hollow of the tree, supposed to be the father and the mother of the man that we caught. He appears to be fifty years old, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and will eat nothing but raw meat, and that which is tainted he likes best. He will eat crawfish and frogs with avidity, when they are left in his way at night, but will not touch food in the presence of any person. His hair and nails are very long. His body is well sheltered from the cold and rain by the long hair that covers it. When any of the negro women come near him, he shows considerable sexual desire, which must be from instinct, as I do not think he ever saw one before he was brought to my house.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE ABOLITIONISTS, AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Fifteen years ago, the subject of Slavery was discussed throughout the Union, under the banner of Colonization. The society embraced good men through the free and slave States, and most freely was the condition of the colored race canvassed.—Although no philanthropist could say how the mighty curse was to be removed in all its broad dimensions, yet a plan was commenced, by which it was removed, at least from a few. A few colored families were removed, at their own desire, back to the land of their fathers; to a land whose warm climate and luxuriant productions fitted it for their residence. There they were, far from any organized society of white men to crowd upon them, and domineer over them. Black was the only color there, and therefore no mark of degradation. In Liberia, a negro was every inch a man. He was a freeman, a part of the nation and of the Government, and eligible to any post of honor or profit. His children were to grow up there, without ever having felt the crushing consciousness of inferiority, and the race, redeemed and disenthralled, were to take their stand as equals among the nations. In this state of things the abolition of Slavery in the Federal District was earnestly discussed, and pressed upon Congress, and some of the Northern slave States were seriously considering whether they ought not to take measures for the extinction of Slavery. The most eloquent and popular statesmen of Virginia, and other States poured out their souls in burning eloquence in favor of the slave and the master, and against the intolerable burden of the relation which subsisted between them. The work went bravely on, and the seed so freely sown, and cherished by so many hands, seemed fast ripening to a plentiful harvest.

But there arose another set of philanthropists more zealous, whose zeal amounted well nigh to fury. They could not wait for the slow process of the seasons but would have the fields reaped now, and Slavery abolished immediately. Many of them had been the earnest friends of Colonization, but the *ennui* of so slow a process disgusted them, and they seized the sickle and reaped. One earnest friend of colonization had been to Europe, and advocated colonization most eloquently, but when he came back, learned that he had put forth some doctrines not recognized by the society, and so he changed sides, and fought against the plan with the same zeal with which he had contended for it. Another gentleman, who was a leading Colonizationist, learned, to his great surprise, that some spirituous liquors had been imported into Liberia, and he changed sides instantly, and became an earnest opponent of the cause which he had before promoted. What precise motives changed others, we cannot say; but it is evident that gentlemen who wheeled around on such pivots, could not have had any clear comprehension of what they had been advocating, either before or after the revolution in their minds.

Well, what did these extra zealous men do for the *immediate* abolition of Slavery?

First, as we have intimated, they denounced colonization in the most vehement terms. That was a scheme, they said, "engendered in hell;" and as they had been the fathers of it, or, at least, its early nurses, they ought to know.

Secondly, They organized Anti-Slavery Societies throughout the free States.

Thirdly, They procured abolition lecturers to go through the free States, and establish abolition presses, and so taught the people, in all possible ways, what they knew before, and convinced them of what they had never doubted.

Fourthly, They set up young women in rows, first a black one, and then a white one; they invited colored people to their tables, at social parties, and to their pews in the churches, and so established the equality of the colors.

Fifthly, They carried the war into the churches of the various denominations, insisting that Christian slaveholders should not come to communion, nor preaching slaveholders into the pulpits; making the Slavery question to supersede all other questions, and so "raised Ned, and turned up Jack," in these previously more peaceful communities. By this, they succeeded in abolishing the ties which existed between a considerable number of pastors and their people.

Sixthly, They had a negro boy, which they did something with,—educated, if we remember right. We recollect distinctly that there was one such boy, whom we all confessed they had set free.

Seventhly, They fulminated all sorts of maledictions against the slaveholders of the South; classed them with pirates, robbers, murderers, and whatever else was most to be abhorred, and cursed them, from the crowns of their heads, to the soles of their feet, in their fingers, and their toes, their knees, and their elbows, and in every other part, to which the holy Pope of Rome extends his holy curses.

Eighthly, They gave aid and comfort to all fugitive slaves, and got out *habeas corpus* writs and seized all such as happened to be found peaceably travelling with their masters, within their precincts, and compelled them to be free. More recently, they have constructed an "under-ground railroad," which going down on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line, comes up on the north side of the line, which separates the United States from Canada, and so have established a colony of freemen, under the reign of Queen Victoria.

Ninthly, Not finding elements for sufficient war, out of themselves, they split asunder, and commenced fighting each other; going in guerilla parties, firing at anything which looked formidable, including the ministers, the churches, the Sabbath, the Bible, and above all, the Constitution and Union of these United States; setting up a Liberty party, and pulling down a Liberty party; getting some liberty men into office, or at least keeping other men out, and so bothering the election. In fact, the labor has so increased upon their hands, as to make it quite plain to them, that *everything* is to be abolished. If all things were back in chaos, then would abolition be finished, and Garrison and Leavitt, rising above their fellows, proclaim, "the evening and the morning on the *eighth* day, and ALL'S VERY GOOD."

Among the objects of most furious attack in this war of abolition, is the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Board was formed for the specific purpose of sending the Gospel to the heathen. Its labors of benevolence are all foreign, out of our own nation, except (if it be in any sense an exception) that it sends missionaries to the Indians. Whether this is more or less important than domestic missions, the Board does not say, but take this department as one suitable for labor. It has followed up its design with great acceptance to the public generally, except the Abolitionists; who lay sundry charges upon the Board, viz: that the Board has not denounced Slavery, but takes money of slaveholders to support missions, and even sends agents among them to ask them for it, and when they get it, mix up the black and white money together, without distinction of color, just as the black and white girls were mixed at the Chatham Chapel. They insist that the treasurer of the Board must interrogate every dollar as to its history, thus: "Hast thou in thy journeyings, dollar, ever visited that land of abominable sin and darkness which lies south of Mason and Dixon's line? Hast thou ever been paid as the price of immortal humanity, sold to sweat and groan in slavery? Hast thou ever dwelt in the pocket of one of those monsters in human form who holds his fellow-men in bondage? If thou hast, thou art a polluted dollar, unfit to serve God or good men; thou canst not be admitted to the society of our honest money." If the dollar were to confess that it had been South to be sure, but had come back to a New-York Abolitionist in payment for goods sold to slaveholders, it might be some mitigation. But whether the dollar might pass or not, the privilege of giving to so good a purpose as sending the knowledge of Jesus Christ to heathen nations, is not to be allowed to slaveholders. They are so bad that they are to be allowed to do no good thing. They may not contribute to any good object, nor labor in any good cause. Cut off and excommunicated, they are to be given over to the commission of sin, and only sin, and that continually. All they are allowed to do, is to repent and mind the Abolitionists. We do not think we have caricatured the position which has been assumed, nor do we think it susceptible of being caricatured. Nothing in all the range of imagination could be more absurd in our judgment, than the one really taken. First, that the Board, and in fact every society and every church, shall be an Anti-Slavery Society. Ladies cannot meet to make clothes for poor children, but they must begin by some declaration about Slavery; and the Board of Commissioners must stop its mighty work of civilization and christianization, to have first of all, an Anti-Slavery battle. The division of labor which so facilitates all other operations, is not to be allowed in morals and religion, but everything must be one thing. The position really seems to be taken on account of its exceeding absurdity, it is out of all possible reach of compromise, and so will serve for endless war. The Board, desirous of peace on all sides, and influenced by the fact that some of the heads which in the long war of Anti-Slavery have become so wretchedly twisted, were once good heads, and may possibly be so again, have listened to this folly, appointed committees on it, and more than once settled it by resolving the only thing which it was possible to resolve, viz: that the subject of Slavery did not come within the proper cognizance of the Board, their only business being the promulgation of the Gospel truth, which was also the readiest way to the correction of all moral wrong. Another great assault has been made upon the Board recently; and in all sorts of professions of kindness it is demanded that the subject shall once more be most lovingly settled. If anything can be settled with such men, so that it will stay settled, it is more than our experience would lead us to expect.

Now from this eminence, if it may be called so; this post of observation any how, we ask our readers to turn back and look at this war and its results. There have been mobs here and in various other places. The lawful peace of Abolitionists has been violently interrupted, and their right of speech invaded; and on the other hand the constitutional guarantees of the States towards the owners of slaves has been assailed, and in a great measure practically abolished. Feelings of the most acrimonious kind have been engendered through the country for years, though happily, a better state of feeling seems now to be gaining ground. What good has it all accomplished? One of the chief arguments against colonization in Africa was that the colored people were compelled to go. They did not act freely and only chose that as an alternative. Has their colonization in Canada been any less objectionable on the same score? When a slave runs away by the underground railroad, does he do it freely, or only as a choice of evils? Is he not in every sense compelled to run, in a much stronger sense than ever any man was compelled to go to Liberia. Is the condition of the negroes any better in Canada, than it was before in slavery. They are still a wicked, degraded, and shut-out race, doomed inevitably to perish, without hope for themselves or their children of ever rising to acknowledged equality with their fellow-subjects around them. The free negroes in the slave States are a much more miserable race than the slaves, and if the fact that they become extinct in the free States proves anything, it proves that even here they are worse off than in slavery. We know that this is no reason for enslaving them, for every man, whatever be his color, is entitled to judge for himself in this respect. But it has something to do with the duty of philanthropists. To help a slave into a worse condition, however much he may desire it, is not so imperious a duty as to help him into real freedom. The system, at any rate, must have a deeper and broader remedy than colonization in Canada or anywhere among the whites, and we cannot help suspecting, perhaps illiberally, that the whole system of running off negroes, is sustained quite as much for the sake of vexing the masters, as benefiting the slaves.

Within the fifteen years of this war, for war it has been to the knife, the Washingtonian movement has come up, and a glorious reformation has been accomplished; a most remarkable change has taken place in favor of the Sabbath; the whole world, except a part of the Roman Catholic and Greek Church States, has been opened to the circulation of the Bible and its missionaries. Public opinion in our country has been completely revolutionized on the subject of the currency; and the true principles of political economy have otherwise been much advanced; the change to cheap rate postage has been argued and carried; Puseyism has arisen and fallen; the rights of men, as individuals, to read, think, believe and speak, each one for himself, have been acknowledged as they never were before; the Bible has been attacked, and has successfully resisted the attack, and now exerts a wider influence than ever; in fact, in everything good, both in principle and practice, this fifteen years has been the most successful era in the progress of truth that the world ever knew. And yet Slavery is not abolished in one single State, nor has the subject of abolition, in our judgment, if it has advanced at all, kept any sort of pace with the other moral and political revolutions of the times. Now we propose, that after the measures for the abolition of Slavery, which are proposed to the Board of Commissioners shall once more, at the meeting soon to assemble at Brooklyn, have received the same answer as before, the other side shall be allowed to take up the game,—and if by the year 1860, we do not make a mighty inroad and bring about a new era in Slavery, we will acknowledge that the Abolitionists are the wise men, and hand them back the balls.

From the Daily [N. Y.] Globe.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND NEGRO BALANCE-OF-POWER-MEN WANTED, BY THE WHIGS AND ABOLITIONISTS!

When we saw the announcement made by the negro Convention, held at Syracuse, that they had *fifteen thousand negroes* in this State, that were over the age of twenty-one years, and that they expected to be admitted, without restriction, to vote at our elections, and would become the *balance of power*, under the new Constitution to be modelled by the proposed State Convention—when we saw this, we say, we were startled at the announcement, and at once saw the dangerous precipice upon which we stand. What will be the consequences of their admission? Why, with half an eye we may perceive that we at once create these *fifteen thousand negroes*—OUR MASTERS! Then will come fifteen thousand more, from other States, in less than a year: runaways—deserters—lazy vermin—who will eat us out of house and home, fill our poor houses and prisons, and in addition to their right to vote, will burden the State with millions of taxation, to sustain their pauperism. Then will our legislative halls be filled with negro Congressmen, negro Senators, and negro Assemblymen. Then will our social condition be broken up; negroes will have permission to intermarry with whites, and precedence be given to the woolly-headed African; and all *upon compulsion*—for, possessing the political power (the "balance of power," they call it) they will essentially, and in fact, be *our masters!* All relations, as they now exist, between the white and the black, will be reversed; and they, the negroes, will become the *Lords paramount!* To such a condition, most surely, will the free admission of the negro population to participate in our elective franchise, bring us. Then, too, the great State of New-York will be the stalking-ground of the deadly Abolitionist, who hesitates not to declare that the throats of our Southern brethren are of no account, so that the colored race may be emancipated at once. Now, what is to be done? This inquiry meets us at every turn. What is to be done? We answer, let all good men of all parties unite to consider as to the means of avoiding this dreadful and threatened condition of things, that will uproot society to its very foundation; prostrating all that is good, and elevating all that is vicious and disgusting. Let our committees speak out. Let our Ward meetings, shortly to be convened, speak out. They are of *the people*, and should take the lead to crush this nefarious design. Let *the people* speak out boldly at our primary meetings, and declare for or against the proposed admixture of the black element—an admixture which will inflict an injury upon our State that can never be repaired. Admit the negro to usurp our places, and become our MASTERS, and then farewell forever to the glory of our State, and the peace and happiness of our citizens. Admit them, and in a few years these "balance-of-power-men" will increase so rapidly upon our hands, that we shall have not only a negro Chief Magistrate of the State, but they will continue to urge a "NEGRO CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY," around whom the Northern Abolitionists are resolved to cluster in 1848. Our position is taken upon this question, and we shall not fail to hold up to public contempt that public man who will not boldly take the constitutional, democratic, and anti-negro side of this question.

From the same.

LICENSING COLORED CARMEN.

Mayor Havemeyer has been requested within a few days past, to license a colored carman. At first, he said there was no precedent for such an innovation. When told that it was no innovation, but that his predecessor, Mayor Harper, had licensed a number,—a freehold estate, he added, would be necessary, but even with that he would not agree to give a license to a colored man.

Such a fact as this, shows the prejudice against color in the North, and how much the colored man here has to contend with. In Southern cities, slaveholding States, the colored carman is as well protected as the white carman. Large numbers of colored carmen are all the while seen in the streets.—*Express.*

We have copied this article from the *Express*, for the purpose of showing again, as we have a thousand times before, that the Whigs are, as a party, thorough going Abolitionists, and that they care but very little for what they sometimes call "the dignity of labor." *They* would not have negroes sit with them at table, or in church, or enter into business copartnerships with them; nor would they allow them seats in the dress circle, or even in the pit of a theatre. They would not associate with them in any manner whatever, and would create a whirlwind of noise and confusion about oppression and degradation, if they were obliged to compete with them in public for a living; and yet they are willing, and indeed they seem very anxious, that the poor white man who drives a cart for a livelihood, should be compelled to compete and associate with them.

In this matter of application for license to drive carts, the editor of the *Express* comes boldly out, and *expresses* great sympathy for the "poor negro," and wishes his colored brethren, if not the entire public, to understand that the *Express* is in favor of extending the area of freedom in this case, if not in that of Texas. All question as to the propriety of allowing a license to a colored person, is set aside, as though the negro was equal, in every respect, to the white man, and as though no difference of standing in society, (to say nothing of political distinctions,) existed, to interfere with the immediate action of the Mayor, in granting the request made of him. The Mayor is not allowed time to consider the matter, even, but must act in the premises exactly as it is said Mr. Harper did. He is merely to follow precedents, then, and not exercise his judgment in the premises, for Mr. Harper's example, they think, is sufficient for him.

The *Express* pretends that the negro is allowed the same privileges in the Southern cities, that the white man is, and that large numbers of them are seen driving carts in the streets. The reason is, that the business is carried on there, as staging is here. One man may own a hundred carts and horses, if he can, and hire a man to drive each horse; or, if he own negroes, too, put *them* on; and that is the reason why negroes "are seen in the streets," driving carts. In this city, every man who wishes to obtain a cartman's license, must be the owner of a horse and cart, and be, at the same time, a citizen of the United States. A native citizen of the United States enjoys one privilege which the adopted citizen does not: he is eligible to the Presidency. The negro is entitled to the right of suffrage, if he be the owner of a freehold estate worth two hundred and fifty dollars; but is he, therefore, and for that cause alone, entitled to *all* the rights and privileges enjoyed by white citizens? There is more in this matter than meets the eye at first sight, and it would be well for the *Express* to give it some thought, before proceeding to denounce the Mayor, and inveigh against the "prejudice" of the age.

Selections.

From the Washington Union.

RELEASE OF AMERICAN PRISONERS ON VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

Thomas G. Larkin, Esq. the United States Consul at the port of Monterey, has transmitted a despatch to the Government of this country, under date of May 30, 1845, in which he communicates intelligence that will be intensely interesting to the friends of many of the unfortunate young men, who have been so long confined by the British authorities in Van Dieman's Land, in consequence of their connection with the well-known Canadian troubles. The substance of the information is as follows—which Mr. Larkin received by letter, and the *Polynesian*, from the Sandwich Islands.

The American whale-ship Steiglitz, belonging to Bridgeport, Ct. put into Oahu, on the 27th of April last, from Hobart-town, in New South Wales, having on board TWENTY-SEVEN of these Canadian prisoners, who had previously been set at liberty by the English Government. It appears that the commander of the Steiglitz, Captain Young, *at his individual expense*, brought these men in his vessel to Oahu, whither he had come from New South Wales, on a whaling cruise to the Northwest Coast. Arrived at Oahu, he immediately apprized the Sandwich Island authorities of the fact, and requested permission for the released prisoners to remain until they could find opportunity to embark for the United States in whale ships, which would doubtless be the case in the course of a few months. In the meantime, Captain Young took a portion of his precious freight (ten of the late prisoners) along with him to the Northwest Coast, to form part of his expedition, leaving the rest behind, under the guarantied protection of the authorities of the Sandwich Islands.

Unquestionably the most interesting part of this intelligence has, however, yet to follow. We refer to the *names* of these twenty-seven Americans, who are now returning to their native land, after such a fearful season of exile. These we have also been allowed to transcribe, and record with pleasure, as the heart of many a bereaved parent, or brother, or sister, will beat with gratitude as they discover the name of a long-lost one on the list:

Passengers brought per ship Steiglitz, Captain S. Young, from Van Dieman's Land, in New South Wales, and left temporarily in charge of the authorities of the Sandwich Islands, at Oahu, until they can be brought back to the United States.

1.	Nelson Griggs, N. York,	15.	Edward A. Wilson, N Y.
2.	Luther Darby, "	16.	Elon Fellowl, "
3.	Daniel D. Heutis, "	17.	Elizur Stephens, "
4.	Orin W. Smith, "	18.	John Gilman, "
5.	John Thomas, "	19.	Joseph Thompson, "
6.	Gideon Goodrich, "	20.	David Hume, "
7.	Jerry Griggs, "	21.	Chancey Sheldon, Mich.
8.	Robert Marsh, "	22.	Henry V. Bernum, "
9.	Nathan Whiting, "	23.	Samuel Snow, Ohio,
10.	Bemis Woodbury, "	24.	Alban B. Sweet, "
11.	John Cronkhite, "	25.	James De Witt Ferro,
12.	John Goswanbury, "		Canadian Provinces,
13.	Ira Pelby "	26.	John Grant, do.
14	Leonard Delano, "	27.	Henry Barnum, do.

The following persons have been pardoned, but had not, at the last advices, had an opportunity for leaving Van Dieman's Land:—

Moses A. Dutcher, Robert G Collins, Daniel Liscum, John Vernon, Garrett Flicks, Emanuel Garrison, Hiram Sharp, James M. Aitcherson.

The following embraces a list of the names of Americans who were yet prisoners on Van Dieman's Land, on the 29th of January, 1845:—

Jehiah H. Martin, James Pierce, Heran Loop, Michael Franz, Solomon Reynolds, William Reynolds, Andrew More, Samuel Washburn, John Sprague, Chauncey Mathers, Calvin Mathers, Horace Cooley, George Cooley, James Waggoner, Norman Mallery, Chauncey Bugbee, James Inglish, A. H. Richardson, Simon Gutrich, John C. Williams, Joseph Stuart, Riley Whitney, Michael Murray, Joseph Fafort, Patrick White, Hugh Calhoun, John Bradley, John Berry, Henry Shew, Thomas Baker, Riley M. Stewart, Oslin Blodzet, E. C. Woodman, Jacob Paddock, Lenus W. Miller, William Gates.

Some of these *may* have been released since the date above mentioned, but no official intelligence of the fact has, as yet, to our knowledge, been communicated either to the United States Government, or their families.

WOODSTOCK MANUAL LABOR INSTITUTE.

For Colored Persons and Others, situated in Michigan.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL AGENT.

To the Trustees of the Grand River Institute for the Education of Colored People and Others, PRIER FOSTER, *General Agent thereof, respectfully reports:*

That since the date of his last Report, on the 10th of September, 1844, he has been engaged for the benefit of the Institution, in the following manner, viz:

I spent the remainder of the month of September, and the fore part of October, on the land belonging to the Institution, in clearing land and erecting buildings for the accommodation of the school and dwellings, and had seven or eight men employed on the premises during that time. I spent about two weeks lecturing on the subject of Slavery, after which I proceeded to Ohio, after my family, and returned with them to Woodstock in the latter part of November. I resumed the business of finishing the schoolhouse and other buildings, assisted by four or five men. The schoolhouse, a log building, 20 feet by 30, with a good floor, was completed in December, and the school was opened under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, with eight scholars, (colored except two,) and has since increased to the number of fifteen. There are three log dwelling-houses on the premises, occupied by three families, and about thirty-five acres of land cleared—about ten acres of which are in spring crops, and the remainder in preparation for wheat next fall.

The timber for a framed building, designed for the Academy building, 35 by 50 feet, two stories high, besides the basement, is framed, and nearly ready to be raised—part of the lumber for finishing the same is on the ground, and part of it at Jackson's saw-mill. The glass, paint, part of the nails, and stoves for warming the building, are on hand—a generous donation of the friends of the Institution at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, obtained through the assistance of William Petit, of that city, to whose exertions the Institution is greatly indebted.

I spent two or three weeks in obtaining petitions to the legislature, to obtain a charter for the Institution, and proceeded to Detroit therewith, with letters of introduction to some of the members of the Legislature, who cheerfully lent their aid to the cause. The bill passed the second reading by a majority of fifteen, but was finally lost by a very small vote. An appropriation of land by the State, to the Institution, was also lost by only a very few votes.

The prospect of obtaining a charter next winter, is encouraging, and there is reason to believe that some aid may be expected from the munificence of the State.

The gradual change in public opinion, relative to the injured and outraged class of our fellow-citizens, for whose especial benefit the Institution is designed, is favorable, and is cause for encouragement.

I spent about a month in Ohio in April and May, in obtaining subscriptions, and succeeded in getting eighty dollars, but by the failure of the Bank of St. Clair, while I was returning home, and by five dollars of counterfeit money which was donated, a loss of twenty dollars was sustained.

I procured a teacher in Ohio, in Edinburgh, Portage County, who returned with me to the Institution in May—Miss Thalia E. Strong—who now has charge of the school, and who is well qualified for the station of a teacher.

The expenditures on account of the Institution since the date of my last Report, have been $490,91, a particular account of which, with the vouchers, is submitted herewith.

I left home on the 23d of May, for the State of New-York, where I collected for the Institution in money and goods, $220,50, and returned on the 28th of June. I have received considerable encouragement from the friends of the cause in that State, and there is a favorable prospect of obtaining some additional donations in that and some of the Eastern States.

I made a payment of $110 on the land belonging to the Institution, on the 27th of June, which leaves $480 yet to be paid, of which, when paid, a clear title will be given to the Trustees. This sum is to be paid in three instalments, the first of which will become due on the 6th instant, and the balance in one and two years from that time.

As there is now no doubt but the Institution will assume a permanent character, and that an act for its incorporation will be granted at the next session of the Legislature, and as the present name seems to be inappropriate, I respectfully suggest for your consideration, that the name be changed, and that the Institution hereafter be known and designated as Woodstock Manual Labor Institute, for the benefit of colored persons and others.

You are already aware of the irreparable loss which the Institution, as well as the colored population of our country at large, has sustained in the demise of their friend and benefactor, Darius Comstock, of Adrian. He was worthy the title universally accorded to him—a title more honorable than that of Bishops, Kings or Lords—"The Poor Man's Friend." The colored people—the poorest of the poor—will reverence his memory, and his name shall be sweet in the mouths of their children.

As he was one of the Trustees, you will perceive the necessity of filling the vacancy.

All which is respectfully submitted.

Dated Woodstock, July 1, 1845.

PRIER FOSTER, General Agent.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the "Grand River Institute," in Woodstock, Lenawee County, and State of Michigan, held 7th mo. 1, 1845.

The Report of our General Agent, Prier Foster, was received and approved.

Resolved, That in accordance with the suggestion contained in said Report, this Institution be hereafter known and designated as "Woodstock Manual Labor Institute, for the Benefit of Colored Persons and Others."

RICHMOND HATHAWAY, SANDS BROWNELL,
JOSEPH GRIEGGS, HENRY MADDOX,
L. PRESTON PERKINS,
Trustees.

We hereby authorize our General Agent, Prier Foster, to obtain and receive subscriptions and donations for the Woodstock Manual Labor Institute for the Benefit of Colored Persons and Others.

Dated at Woodstock, Lenawee County, Michigan, 7th mo. 1, 1845.

RICHMOND HATHAWAY, SANDS BROWNELL,
JOSEPH GRIEGGS, HENRY MADDOX,
L. PRESTON PERKINS,
Trustees.

NOTICE.—Henry Glecester, a colored man, received a commission in April to obtain subscriptions and donations for the "Woodstock Manual Labor Institute for the Benefit of Colored Persons and Others," and was to report once in two months. He has not since been heard from, and it is feared that some evil may have befallen him. His commission is hereby repealed until he reports. If any of the friends know of his *whereabouts*, will they please inform me by letter, addressed to me at Jackson's Mills, Lenawee County, Michigan.

PRIER FOSTER, General Agent.

From the London Inquirer of August 30.

Rev. Dr. PARKMAN.

DEAR SIR:—I send you for publication, in the INQUIRER, if you approve of it, an address that I read at our Irish Unitarian Society, in support of a resolution on the subject of American Slavery. I send it you for two reasons;—firstly, in order to keep that important question alive in the minds of our brethren, in the hope that it will stimulate them to active exertions for the overthrow of that giant iniquity,—and, secondly, because I have seen Dr. Parkman since I delivered it; and it is but just towards him to say, that he repudiates the imputation of being a *pro-slavery man*. I was glad to find he considered the name a title of reproach; but this is the utmost I can say in his favor, in relation to this painful subject. I spoke to him honestly, and without reserve; we had a long conversation, and I am sorry to be obliged to declare it as my conviction, that the cause of Christianity, of Unitarianism, can never be promoted on earth by men who feel as Dr. Parkman now does. He acknowledged to me that he would not preach in favor of the abolition of Slavery as a Christian duty, in his pulpit, in Boston, *because it would lessen his usefulness as a Christian minister*. The Doctor is one who has a holy horror of calling men-stealers by their right names, and he cannot abide the men who deny the title of Christian to those persons who make merchandise of their fellow-creatures. But if his own child were stolen and sold, he would consider him who did the deed, worthy of all condemnation. That is a widely different affair in his estimation, from *inheriting* the assumed right to act so by a *black man*. Dr. Parkman refuses to be called an Abolitionist, because he alleges the term is a party-word in America. I told him I did not care about a word. If he went for the immediate emancipation of every slave, he might adopt any other name, and pursue any course he pleased, in furtherance of that object. But the truth is, the Doctor wishes to maintain a cautious silence about Slavery; to preach a kind of abstract Christianity, but steer very clear of giving offence to his hearers, by telling them plainly that it is their duty to do the work of Christian men, by "doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them." I hope Unitarians in England, who may come in contact with Dr. Parkman, will be candid and honest with him on this great question, so that, when he goes back to his own country, he may be able to tell his friends that no Americans will be welcome among us, who are not in favor of the immediate abolition of Slavery.

Dr. Parkman said a great deal to me about our being ignorant of the *peculiar Constitution* of his country. I said, we are not as ignorant in that respect as he supposed; but that all that it was needful for us as Christian men to know was, that nearly three millions of our fellow-men were held there as chattels, and that we felt it was the bounden duty of every Christian man to demand the instant overthrow of such a system. This great end the Abolitionists in America, and in these countries, wish to see accomplished by peaceful means, and by peaceful means alone. It is by the "foolishness of preaching," and not by a criminal silence or indifference on the part of Christian ministers, or laymen either, that the work is to be done. This, and other great moral reforms, such as the abolition of war, and capital punishment, and the overthrow of the drinking customs of society, must be effected by changing public opinion, and that can only be done by exhortation, and by example, "in season and out of season." The preaching of Christianity, without an enforcement of its duties, will never do the work.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles-street, Dublin, 15th August, 1845.

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The resolution which has been put into my hands places in such a distinct point of view, the feelings of our association on this most painful question—Slavery, that it needs not many words from me to enforce its requirements on your minds. I hope every heart here, will respond to the sentiments your committee entertains on this subject. I shall, therefore, not occupy your attention long. My anxious desire is, to transfer the feelings which fill my own breast into yours. If my success depended on any ability which I possess to clothe my thoughts in language, I should feel that my task was a hopeless one, and I would not attempt it. But I believe there is, in every heart present, in every human heart the world over, a chord so strung as will oblige it to vibrate in unison with any words, however feebly uttered, which plead for the rights of humanity. I, therefore, address you with confidence, and I ask you to support this resolution, and to do so heartily, because I believe the feelings which called it forth, are in full accordance with those godlike attributes of our nature which, when acted out in our lives, assuredly exalt, and elevate, and purify our minds, making us susceptible of the highest pleasures within our reach.

It may be asked, why do the Irish Unitarian Society introduce the question of Slavery into their annual proceedings, and thus unceasingly urge their friends to a constant vigilance in regard to that question? What have we to do with Slavery? The answer is simple and easy. In the first place, we are a Christian society; and as Slavery is not only abhorrent to our nature, but a plain and daring violation of Christian principle, it is our duty to labor for its overthrow: this is a duty common to each of us, as members of the human family, and which we are called upon to perform, as we are bound to lab

Christian or unchristian men, in this regard. If we be honest towards them, pro-slavery Americans will not set their feet on our shores. Oh! what a contemptible creature is the American slaveholder! he should be placed by every honest man the very lowest in the scale of human beings. On his own slave-trodden soil, and among his fellows, he may raise his head as the audacious sheep-stealer does, in the midst of *his* compeers; but, when he finds himself walking abroad among honest men, he must feel himself the degraded and sneaking animal he really is, with the words of liberty on his lips, but the hatred of it in his heart. This imputation he must bear on his branded brow, so long as he makes merchandise of his fellow-men. Let him shake off this infamy, and then we will receive him with open arms; until then, his presence must be hateful to us. In the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, (a New-York paper,) of the 17th April, I find that three pro-slavery clergymen sailed from Boston, the previous week, for England. They are—the Rev. John Codman, D. D.; the Rev. Daniel Sharpe, D. D.; and the Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.; the last is a Unitarian. I suppose he is now in England, and I hope our friends there will deal honestly by him. Our professions of love for the poor slave will go for nothing, if we do not make such men *feel* that we are in earnest. I suppose Dr. Parkman, like Dr. Dewey, will make fair speeches while in England, and strive to bamboozle our Anti-Slavery folks; but let their test be, "are you an Abolitionist?" and if he does not answer that question like a candid, honest man, let him be advised to go home and read his New Testament, and there learn to be willing to acknowledge the equal rights of all his brethren.

I forbear, on the present occasion, from bringing before your view any lengthened history of the cruelties practiced by slaveholders and their drivers, on their poor victims; although I could readily harrow up your souls by the recital of their constant recurrence, partly because our time is limited, but principally because I would rather strive to excite your indignation against the accursed system which degrades a man into an article of merchandise, and which sinks, even to a lower depth, his miserable enslaver, than to dwell on its accompanying cruelties.

In conclusion, I ask for your assistance, your active assistance, for the abatement of this nuisance. I entreat the ladies who have so kindly aided the annual Anti-Slavery Bazaar, to redouble their exertions in this holy cause. To both ladies and gentlemen I say, I have been careful, for some years past, to avoid, as much as possible, the use of articles produced by slave-labor. I use linen and woollen, instead of cotton articles, of dress. I do all I can to discountenance the use of tobacco, which is stained with the blood and tears of the poor black man. I invite you all, my Christian friends, to come forward individually and collectively, in aid of this great work of humanity; let each one of us do something; let us be zealous in the cause, so that men may see our good works, and feel attracted to that profession of Christianity which we make; let us be doubly zealous in it, because, it is the cause of the oppressed, and under the full assurance that Almighty God will amply reward us, if we be faithful. I will now read for you the reply of ministers in America to the address of ministers in these countries, on this painful question. I regret that they did not proclaim themselves Abolitionists in the plain and unequivocal sense of the word, and intimate their determination to discountenance by all the lawful means in their power, slaveholding churches, and slaveholding individuals; but I heartily congratulate the members of the Irish Unitarian Society for having been instrumental in procuring the address alluded to, and the answer to it. I hope our ministers will not rest satisfied with what they have done, but that, in public and in private, from pulpit and from platform, they will enforce on men's consciences the obligations which rest on them to labor for the immediate emancipation of their negro brethren.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

REJECTED EPISTLE.

Below will be found the rejected Epistle of Green Plain Quarterly Meeting, with the reply of between one and two hundred members of the Ohio Yearly Meeting:—

To the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Although proscribed by our Yearly Meeting of Indiana, (under the influence of a few, who wish to bear rule,) we have, nevertheless, in this state of discouragement, still kept up our meetings for worship and discipline, and we feel it to be our duty, notwithstanding our trials have become of no ordinary nature, to continue to meet together, remembering the promise of our Divine Master, that when two or three are met together in His name, there will He be in the midst of them. This encouraging promise, we hope, while it is remembered by us, may have a tendency to stimulate us to every good word and work; and under the influence of this feeling, we feel it our duty to salute you as brethren of the same family, with this Epistle from our Quarterly Meeting, believing that many of you can, and do feel the cause of truth very dear to your best life.

We may here acknowledge the receipt of an Epistle, signed by many Friends, after your late Yearly Meeting, which was truly acceptable to us, and cause of encouragement in our moments of trial. As the cause of our opposers has been much commented on in various quarters, we presume you are no strangers to the case, and, therefore, further particulars at this time, may be out of season, or unnecessary.

We much desire that your assembly may be overshadowed by the Divine presence, and that love, that true badge of discipleship, may abound amongst you. And dear friends, we hope that you, as children of the same Heavenly Father, may be permitted to feel for us, and with us, seeing that for the testimony of a good conscience towards God, our names have been reproached, and many falsities abound concerning us. But this is no new thing, and we desire to be enabled to bear our allotted portion of suffering with meekness and Christian forbearance.

With feelings of affectionate love, we are your friends.

Signed on behalf, and by direction of our Quarterly Meeting, held at Green Plain, Clark Co. Ohio, 5th mo. 19th, 1845, by

RICHARD WRIGHT, Clerk.

We also have full unity with this Epistle,

SARAH B. DUGDALE,
MARY F. BENNETT,
CELIA ANDERSON,
ASENATH FRAME,
MARY ANN HAYWOOD,
ELIZA SWAYNE,
HANNAH HOWELL,
MARY R. DUGDALE.

To the Green Plain Quarterly Meeting of Friends.

The undersigned, members of Ohio Yearly Meeting, having met at the adjournment of said meeting, for the purpose of reading the communication addressed to our Yearly Meeting, but not permitted to be read therein, embrace the few moments allowed us, briefly to express to you the great satisfaction which your epistle has afforded us, and the deep sympathy with which our minds have been clothed in viewing the tried situation in which you are placed.

We can do no more at present, than hastily to furnish you with this evidence of the cordiality with which we receive any such favor, and to express our sincere regret, that the Yearly Meeting, of which we are members, have seen fit to deny to you the respectful reception of your mild and courteous Epistle.

With feelings of affection and sympathy, we are your friends.

Signed by George Garretson, and about one hundred and forty others.

Salem Col. Co. Ohio, 9th mo. 5th, 1845.

From the Elmira Republican.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE OPPRESSED.

At a meeting convened at Elmira, (N. Y.) September 8, 1845 to consider the propriety of adopting measures for the establishment of a Manual Labor Institution, for the benefit of that class of American citizens, who have so long been the victims of a cruel and wicked prejudice, of which Ira Gould was appointed Chairman, and J. C. Sampson, Secretary, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted. Whereas the rapidly increasing number of emancipated slaves and free persons of color, can, in but comparatively few cases, gain admission to our public schools and literary institutions, and believing that a liberal provision in the free States for their moral and mental elevation, which should afford facilities for the education of multitudes, who, when Slavery shall be abolished, will return to the homes of their childhood in the character of teachers, would be a *practical obedience* of the great command of our Saviour, "Go teach all nations": Therefore,

Resolved, That in our opinion the time has fully come, and now is, when a Manual Labor Institution should be established, at some central point, for the education of emancipated slaves and free people of color.

Resolved, That for the purpose of calling the attention of our Anti-Slavery friends generally in the free States to this subject, this meeting proceed to appoint a Central Corresponding Committee of five at this place, and that a committee of two individuals from each of the free States be designated, who are hereby invited to act in concert with the Central Corresponding Committee, and who are requested to present the subject to the friends in their respective localities, that the way may be prepared for decisive action at the Eastern Liberty Convention.

Resolved, That the following named gentlemen compose the Central Corresponding Committee, viz: Ira Gould, S. G. Andrus, Silas Billings, J. Langdon, and John Selover.

Resolved, That the following gentlemen from the different States be designated to act as contemplated in the second resolution, viz:

Maine—Sam'l. Fessenden, Burleigh Smart. New Hampshire—Hon. Daniel Hoit, Samuel H. Parker. Vermont—J. P. Miller, W. R. Shafter. Massachusetts—Joshua Leavitt, H. B. Stanton. Connecticut—William H. Burleigh. New-York—Alvan Stewart, Gerrit Smith. Pennsylvania—William Elder, F. J. Lemoyne. Ohio—S. R. Lewis, Leicester King. Michigan—James G. Birney, Charles A. Stewart. Illinois—Ichabod Codding, Rev. Owen Lovejoy.

Resolved, That Alvan Stewart, Gerrit Smith, H. W. W. Miller, Henry Bradley, and Samuel R. Ward, be a committee who are respectfully requested to present the subject to the Eastern Convention.

Resolved, That the foregoing be submitted to the Eastern Liberty Convention to be holden at Boston, October 1, 1845, and that our subsequent action be governed by the decision of that Convention.

Resolved, That J. Selover, A. F. Holt, and the Secretary, be a committee to prepare the proceedings of this meeting for the press, and that they be published in the Emancipator and Morning Chronicle, and our village papers; also, that Anti-Slavery papers generally be requested to copy.

IRA GOULD, Chairman.

J. C. SAMPSON, Secretary.

Communications.

Extracts from a Letter from London.

LONDON, 29, Golden Square.

* * * * * * *

My Dear Friend,—We are now staying with our beloved friend, George Thompson. Of course he will have told you of our great National Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar, at which we were in daily attendance for more that a fortnight, and of which we were heartily tired. It is not very much we are able to do for any of these great movements; and with regard to *this*, I feel that it has passed the point when success is doubtful: its triumph is sure, and I think likely to be speedy. I feel, also, there is no further need of our services, though they have been very slight; and now we shall, I trust, be enabled to devote our *whole* energies to the noble, the sacred cause in which you are embarked. I must, however, tell you that though our hearts are with you, our ability is small every way. This, however, does not discourage me. I know it is only of the talents entrusted to our care that an account will be required of us, and I know that we serve a Master who is not like ourselves, but who judges according to that we have, and not according to that we have not.

Our dear friend with whom we are staying, is full of plans to aid you, and surely his whole heart is with you. Not a day has passed since we came in which these plans have not been discussed. How it is he manages to do so much is more a mystery to me now than ever. But though he is exerting himself, and most efficiently aiding, both in our own land and others, for the redress of wrongs and the establishment of rights—I see it is with him an earnest desire, a paramount obligation, and a fixed determination, to help in undoing the heavy burdens, in breaking the fetters which so disgrace one class in your country, and so debase the other, and never to relax until the foul blot is wiped away. I would not even for the sake of encouraging you and your devoted colleagues, say anything which is not true, but I do believe you have in this country *many* more friends than you are aware of. We have come to the resolution of bringing up the subject wherever we go, and *everywhere* do we find willing auditors, who will, I trust, ere long become helpers. * * * * * *

Respecting the system which brands and imprisons men for acts of humanity, there seems a spirit of inquiry abroad, which I trust will not be checked. We all know how these atrocious acts of injustice appear when dragged before the impartial tribunal of public opinion. The books and papers you sent are most deeply interesting: accept our thanks for them, as well as for your kind and valued letter. We intend that they shall go the round of our acquaintance, and they will, I hope, be the means of some good. My dear sister joins in my affectionate regards. I am, dear Madam, your sincere friend and ardent well-wisher,

SARAH HILDITCH.

Letter from H. C. Wright.

MANORE COTTAGE, Roseneath, Aug. 26, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND:—There are some in this kingdom who know and love William L. Garrison. The following is extracted from a letter from E. Pease. Speaking of the first of August meeting in ———, she says:—

"I read thy speech with intense interest and delight. Glad I was to see dear Garrison's name mentioned by two or three of the speakers. They know him not, or, they know not *Christianity*—who mention it otherwise. William Lloyd Garrison is not a man, however, to be appreciated by the age in which he lives—he is too far in advance of it—he too faithfully and fearlessly rebukes its delinquencies, to win the applause of the people amongst whom he lives—but other generations will do justice to his memory. His name will be honored when a more enlightened understanding of our holy religion has consigned the names of the Napoleons, the Cornwallis's, and the Wellingtons, to infamy—if not to oblivion. Garrison *is* the moral Napoleon of his age—the Luther of the 19th century—but devoid of Luther's subserviency to rank and station, which made him quail in the end. Never, or I am mistaken, will this have to be said of Garrison. He has more than a Luther's sternness, with a Melancthon's gentleness and love. I look upon him as a blessing to the world. I wish every country were possessed of one spirit like his, fearing not man—ambitious only to please High Heaven. Like the Master whom he serves, he is called Beelzebub, by those who succumb to popular error, and defend the sins of the great; but it is because he follows Him so faithfully. Long may his life be preserved; for I know not another to take his place in the sphere of Christian reform."

I send thee this that it may be inserted in the *Standard*, if it is thought worth the trouble. I subscribe to every word of it. Long have I been satisfied that those who turn away from Garrison, in the work of Anti-Slavery, do so because of their own delinquencies. Not because he fears God, and regards man too little, but because they do not this enough—not because they think him an Infidel—they know he is not, to the religion of Christ,—but because they are not Christians. His enemies, in America and in Europe, boast that all have forsaken him. If so, the fault is theirs, not his,—and when posterity reads, in the history of the 19th century, the record of his spirit and his deeds, they will so decide. The same was said of Him whom Garrison seeks to follow. All the multitude left Him—because, they said, He taught hard sayings, which they could not endure. He required the sacrifice of all things—even of life—for principle. He required them to lay their sect, their forms, and observances, their Constitution, their country, their temple, their Sabbath, their priesthood, their Ark of Covenant, their Ephod, their Holy of Holies, on the altar of Love, and Human Brotherhood—of entire consecration to God and to man. This sent them away backward. This has sent many away from Garrison; and will yet send more.—He *justly* demands the adoption, and application of Christianity, in reference to the *entire sum* of human life. He justly seeks the overthrow of all customs and institutions whose existence require the sacrifice of man, and which oppose the triumph of the loving, forgiving, holy kingdom of his adoption. Thus arrayed against the principles and organized systems of injustice and oppression, in Church and State, which now make the earth a place of tears, of sighs, and death, he cannot have many friends. He will have a few to stand by him in death, and to lay his body in the tomb—but after that, millions will say of him—"surely he was a great man." His vindication is inscribed on the record of the age, and when Africa stretches out her hands to God, she will write down Garrison—*the friend of* MAN.

Thine, truly, H. C. WRIGHT.

Society of Friends in New-York City.

"The Prophets have become wind, and the word is not in them."

I witnessed at Hester street meeting on first day afternoon, the 21st instant, a communication from an individual, to whom the quotation from the Prophet Jeremiah, placed at the head of this article, seems to be peculiarly applicable.

He took for the subject of his discourse, the following words: "I will not give my glory to another, neither my praise to graven images." He then descanted upon the different benevolent associations existing among us, and said, they profess to be sending, what they call the Gospel, to the heathen, reforming the drunkard, and liberating the slave. He was particularly severe upon the temperance societies, and reprobated in very strong terms, as a great iniquity, the signing of the pledge. He said that their sin was now made manifest to all, and to prove his position, he alluded to the case of John B. Gough. Perhaps he was not aware that several ministers in the Society of Friends, have signed the pledge.

He represented all those who are engaged in these works of benevolence as being actuated by selfish motives—to be seen of men—the great *I* was uppermost in all of them—that they were taking the glory and the praise to themselves. But their whole system, like the tower of Babel, would fall, and their language would be confounded. If the preacher's discourse had been clear of tantology, he might have delivered it in less than half the time he occupied.

The manner in which he adverted to the case of J. B. Gough, appeared to me invidious, and could proceed from no other than a low and vulgar mind. What would the speaker think of the man who would hold up to public view, the misdeeds of some conspicuous characters in the Society of Friends, and endeavor to fasten them upon the whole Society? Every man of common sense would condemn such a course, not only as anti-Christian, but mean and contemptible. Or what would he think if a member of the temperance society, in one of their meetings, was to denounce the Society of Friends as hypocritical and wicked, because a person in the station of a minister in it, was living in idleness, on the labor of others, or had let his houses for grog-shops?

I am not a member of the temperance society, and never heard a temperance lecture; but when I see the great amount of good they have accomplished, I can most cordially bid them God-speed. Neither did I ever see John B. Gough, but nevertheless, I deeply deplore his late mishap. It may furnish the wicked an opportunity to rejoice over him for a time; but I sincerely hope that he may yet be qualified to adopt the language, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

It is time these frothy communications, under a profession of preaching the Gospel, should cease from among us. Much better would it be, if those in the station of ministers, and all others, would apply themselves to the work of building up the waste places—to healing the breaches, and harmonizing the Society of Friends, which is now rent with divisions, and embittered by animosity and discord. ISAAC T. HOPPER.

New-York, 9th mo. 1845.

Letter from G. W. F. Mellen.

In the letter of Gov. Hammond to Mr. Clarkson, in the Standard of August 28, I find these two passages:

"The South venerates the Constitution, and is prepared to stand by it forever, *such as it came from the hands of our fathers*; to risk everything to defend and maintain *it in its integrity*. But the South is under no such delusion as to believe it derives any *peculiar* protection from the Union. On the contrary, it is well known, we incur *peculiar danger*, and that we bear far more than our proportion of the burdens. The apprehension is also fast fading away that any of the dreadful consequences commonly predicted, will necessarily result from the separation of the States. And *come what may*, we are firmly resolved that OUR SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY SHALL STAND."

"We have also been taunted for our sensitiveness in regard to the discussion of Slavery. Do not suppose it is because we have any doubts of our rights, or scruples about asserting them. There was a time, when such doubts and scruples were entertained. Our ancestors opposed the introduction of slaves into this country, and a feeling adverse to it, was handed down from them. The enthusiastic love of liberty, fostered by our Revolution, strengthened this feeling. And before the commencement of the abolition agitation here, it was the common sentiment that it was desirable to get rid of Slavery. Many thought it was our duty to do so. When that agitation arose, we were driven to a close examination of the subject in all its bearings, and the result has been, an *universal conviction*, that in holding slaves, we violate no law of God,—inflict no injustice on any of his creatures—while the terrible consequences of emancipation to all parties, and the world at large, clearly revealed to us, makes us shudder at the bare thought of it."

As there are some admissions in these paragraphs, which I wish to bring to the notice of your readers, and as they will serve me as a text to exemplify the position I have taken, in conjunction as I now find by many others, permit me to enlarge a little on the proofs, I gave in a former number of your paper; that the North, or the country, *did not agree to return the runaway slave*, whatever may have been the action of those in authority in regard to it.

I think I should have written you before on the subject; but, by some accident I did not receive the number of your paper, that contained my communication till week before last, and knew not till then, you had admitted it to your columns. I, however, do not observe that you have answered my question, to admit any wider range of discussion than the simple one respecting the fugitive slave. I will, therefore, endeavor to confine myself, as much as possible, to that, though I trust you will not object if I bring in a little *collateral* evidence to show we could have done no such thing. You will perceive, Gov. Hammond says, "the South is under no such *delusion* as to believe that Slavery derives any *peculiar* protection from the Union. On the contrary, *it is well known* we incur *peculiar danger*." (I could wish none of our Anti-Slavery friends were under any such delusion.) To this fact, I have elsewhere frequently alluded, in the anxiety which Mr. Calhoun has manifested, in trying to maintain the doctrine of State rights, in opposition to our present system of government; on account of his knowledge that the principles involved in this system, would, if properly applied, effectually destroy Slavery in all its ramifications. And I am very glad to find, that the testimony of so competent a witness, justifies the assertion that has been made. Mark! "the South is under no such *delusion* as to believe, that it derives any *peculiar protection* from the Union." But, "on the contrary, it is *well known* we incur *peculiar* danger." And upon investigation, not fearing the consequences of a separation of the States, he, in the face of high heaven, remarks, "*Come what may*, we are firmly resolved THAT OUR SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY SHALL STAND." It may be added, even if all the plagues of Egypt are showered upon our heads. Rash and foolish man! and yet more foolish people! can he, or they not see that in the redemption of the Jews from Egypt, the utter abhorrence that Jehovah has to Slavery, and in the inevitable consequences, of expelling the laborer from the soil, the destruction of that kingdom was foretold—and can he point to any nation, that has ever held slaves, that has not sooner or later become slaves themselves, actual, or political; and that the system by fostering ignorance, in both master and slave, inevitably leads to such results. The cause, however, which has made the Southern people change their minds on the rightfulness of Slavery, or, perhaps it should be said, one of the causes, is the calamitous effect, which the non-production of cotton in the Southern States, would have on the civilized world, and out of tender regard for Manchester and Lowell,—the operatives, and those whom the South have been wont to call the aristocratic manufacturer—the robber of the South, by his tariffs—she now hugs her darling institution, and changes all her ideas of its sinfulness, because these cities—these objects of her solicitude, would come to want if she should give it up. Be sure, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, a good portion of North Carolina, Kentucky, a portion of Tennessee, and Missouri, can have no such tender regard for the human race to plead in extenuation for their change of opinion, as tobacco, with all its filthiness, has not and probably cannot become such an absolute necessary of life, and free hands can cultivate this, and it may yet be found, that even our pious, good, and philanthropic people of South Carolina, may find in the free hands of Egypt and India, an argument, that will destroy their peace of conscience on this subject.

(To be continued.)

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1845.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1845.

Formation of an Anti-Slavery Society in New-York.

The Emancipator, and one or two other Liberty party papers, took great comfort to themselves in a casual remark in the Standard, a few weeks since, that the resident editor did "not know the faces of half-a-dozen anti slavery friends" in this city. Inasmuch as it is a constant effort of the Liberty party lecturers to have their party as much Anti-Slavery as those whom they honor with the title of "moral suasionists,"—thereby acknowledging that we are Abolitionists,—it is a rather significant commentary on their own character, on the part of these papers, to rejoice that our number is few anywhere. But, however much they may affect to sneer at our principles, and measures, they know well enough their value, and their power over the people, to follow sedulously after every corps of agents which the American Society sends into the field, that they may glean for their own use, all the half-ripe grain which our lecturers have left behind them.

The highest conception Liberty party can have of power, is in numbers. They can see no progress except in the increase of votes. To count no less this year, than they did last, is great encouragement; an addition of a few score to their few hundreds in an aggregate of many thousands is a hard earned victory; the election of a constable is a glorious triumph; and should they ever achieve a Senator, or a member of Congress, we may confidently look for their bursting with exultation, like the frog in the fable, who thought he must be *now* as big as the ox. We can hardly blame them for finding fault with us, for they do not know that the power which makes men vote right, is of infinitely greater value than the vote itself—else they were not Liberty party.

But the true Abolitionist knows that our power is not in numbers. He knows that we shall be always easily counted. Even on that day when "the prison-doors shall be opened to those that are in bonds," the men who shall shoot back their bolts, and turn them on their rusty hinges, shall not be of the exulting multitude, that shout for the slave's deliverance. The world shall count their strength as feebleness, and their virtue as crime. To do otherwise, would be an acknowledgment that they had always been in the right, and their opposers in the wrong, and this will never be done, though our principles shall be adopted, and our measures carried out. The Abolitionists must be content to whip the people into tardy justice, and tardy honesty, certain that their only reward will be abuse, and misrepresentation to the end of the chapter, and that reward which abuse and misrepresentation cannot take away,—the consciousness of their own integrity, and of how great, and how good a work they have accomplished. The few unknown to fame, despised and hated, who in city, and village, scatter the good seed by the wayside, shall be the saviours of the nation, and the deliverers of the slave. We may say it, but in no boasting spirit, and only that it shall urge us onward, to be still faithful in well-doing, knowing that it is not by numbers we shall conquer, that no reward from men shall be ours, but contented, silently and unknown, to do the work that is given us to do.

We are indeed few in this great city, but we are mindful of the promise of how much ten righteous men may do. We may not be righteous, but we know we are right, and we trust, with God's good help, that the seed we mean to scatter, shall not all fall on stony places. We are conscious that we have not done our duty to the thousands by whom we are surrounded, and we mean to set about it.

We can do nothing without organization. Feeble as we are, we need to concentrate our strength to make it felt. Everywhere we have lost, in a measure, the staff of accomplishment, by neglecting those various means of combining our individual power, which in the earlier days of the cause, made every hamlet, and town, and city in the Northern States, an arena whereon the battle was continually fought between Slavery and Liberty. We are stronger now than we were then, and could do our work a thousand-fold more effectually now than then, if we would. Then we were struggling to get the ear of the people, amid persecution, and violence, and even death. Now we have a ready listener, and have nothing to do but pour the truth before the willing, and anxious mind. But we have fainted, when we should have gathered strength, and have remitted our efforts, when they should have been redoubled. The half-conquered foe lies before us. He will be wholly conquered at length, even by the feeble blows we give him. We may despatch him at once, if we will but use a tithe of the vigor with which we begun the contest. If Abolitionists will revive their associations, spread upon the thousand-winged press the truth which men are waiting for, and will be glad to hear, send out their lecturers to speak to the listening people, pour, as of yore, their substance into the treasury of the cause, and the land may be shaken as it never has been yet, and tyranny tremble as it has never trembled before. We mean to do this in New-York—at least we mean to try—and though our field is a barren one, though the hearts of the people are as hard as the nether mill-stone, we trust to see good fruits of our labors.

At a meeting of the Abolitionists of this city, held in the office of the American Society, on Friday evening last, a Society was formed under the following

CONSTITUTION:

ARTICLE I.

This Society shall be called the Manhattan Anti-Slavery Society, and shall be auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

ARTICLE II.

The object of this Society is the entire abolition of Slavery in the United States. While it admits that each State in which Slavery exists, has, by the Constitution of the United States, the exclusive power to *legislate* in regard to its abolition in said State, it shall aim to convince all our fellow-citizens, that slaveholding is a heinous crime, and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned, require its *immediate abandonment*.

ARTICLE III.

Any person who assents to the principles of this Constitution, and who contributes to the funds of the Society, shall be a member thereof.

ARTICLE IV.

The officers of this Society shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Board of Managers, composed of the above, and not less than seven other members of the Society. They shall be annually elected by the members of the Society, and five shall constitute a quorum. The Board shall have power to fill vacancies in its own body.

ARTICLE V.

It shall be among the duties of the Board of Managers, to appoint a Vigilance Committee, of not less than ten members, whose special duty it shall be to extend aid to self-emancipated slaves. This Committee shall appoint a Secretary, who shall keep a faithful record of their transactions.

ARTICLE VI.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society, or in his absence, one of the Vice Presidents, or in their absence, a President *pro tem*. The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Society. The Recording Secretary shall notify all meetings of the Society, and of the Board of Managers, and shall keep records of the same in separate books. The Treasurer shall collect the subscriptions, make payments at the direction of the Board, and present a written and audited account to accompany the annual report.

ARTICLE VII.

The Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held each year, at such time and place as the Board of Managers may direct, when the accounts of the Treasurer shall be presented, the annual report read, the officers chosen, and such other business transacted, as shall be deemed expedient.

ARTICLE VIII.

This Constitution may be amended at any Annual Meeting of the Society, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

This Constitution, which was presented by a Committee appointed at a previous meeting, was unanimously adopted as it is here printed. The same Committee presented a list of officers, which was also accepted. It is as follows:—

President.

ISAAC TATEM HOPPER.

Vice Presidents.

OTIS R. POTTER,
OLIVER JOHNSON.

Corresponding Secretary.

S. H. GAY.

Recording Secretary.

ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.

Treasurer.

WM. H. LEONARD.

Additional Members of the Board of Managers.

LAUREN WETMORE.
DANIEL CARMICHEL, (Brooklyn.)
ABBY H. GIBBONS.
ELIAS SMITH,
MARY A. W. JOHNSON, (Sing Sing.)
JOSEPH CARPENTER, (New Rochelle.)
SETH ROGERS.

It will be observed that some of our officers are taken from the vicinity of New-York. It was thought desirable that the operations of the Society should not be confined to the city alone, but that it should labor in other localities, as should seem convenient.

After some further preliminary business, the Society adjourned to meet at such place as a Committee should provide on *Wednesday evening next*, the 15th instant. The topic for discussion on that evening will be the Constitution of the United States, in its relations to Slavery. Our city readers will, I trust, remember this meeting, and do all in their power to give notice of it, and make it an interesting one. We must do our own speech-making, and everybody must come prepared to talk. This meeting will be followed up by others, and we can, if we will, make an impression on this city. It is to our shame that the capital of the country, has no Anti-Slavery voice.—Let us see if she cannot make herself heard. If she *is* dead, it is well to know that too.

We shall want funds. Will our friends come provided at our first meeting? We want two more members. Will any one bring a new one? Let us each and all, determine that having made a beginning, no individual effort shall be spared to raise our bantling into a giant, that shall know, and do his duty. We are few in numbers,—let us be mighty in great works.—G.

This Week's Paper.

We finish Miss Martineau's beautiful and instructive tale this week. "Marie" will be re-commenced in the next paper.

In the first column of the first page, our readers will find proofs of the miserable and shiftless poverty, and morbid cruelty, which belong to the "Peculiar Institution."

In the next department, we give a specimen of the religion, the morality, the philanthropy, and the philosophy of the Rev. David Hale, Esq. editor of the New-York Journal of Commerce. It was published before the late meeting of that gigantic humbug, the A. B. C. F. M. and was intended evidently to influence its action. We have not had room for it before, but it is as good now as a month ago, for our purpose.

The article, though written in a strain of pretended candor, well calculated to deceive the ignorant, contains as many direct and palpable lies as could well be crowded into the same space. The author deserves credit for his ingenuity in mendacity, and for his remarkable power of refined and concentrated malice. He commences with the only idea and feeling possible to him in this connection, namely, his own bitter and contemptuous hatred of the negro race, and all his deductions are to be referred back to this starting point. His first falsehood is that there was a serious movement fifteen years ago for the abolition of Slavery in the District, and the Northern slave States. There was none such. The only one of any moment was that in Virginia, which was a political movement, growing out of the inequality of representation, and which died almost as soon as it was born, because it was destitute of any real intention to abolish Slavery, and of every essential virtue for that purpose. Then arose the Abolitionists, and this has been their history, David Hale to the contrary, notwithstanding:

First, they denounced the Colonizationists, because they never could abolish Slavery in the nature of the case, with their scheme, and never intended to. But on the contrary, meant to perpetuate it, if they could, to the end of time.

Secondly, They organized Anti-Slavery societies, because they were persuaded that Slavery would never be abolished peaceably, except upon the principle that it is a sin, to be immediately and unconditionally abandoned.

Thirdly, Through the press, and by lecturers, they endeavored to teach the people, what David Hale and all like him, can never learn, the first principles of Christianity and common morality.

Fourthly, They recognized all men as men, whatever their complexions, and believing there were no "Jim Crow pews" in heaven, would have none upon earth. Of course they have always held just such meetings as David Hale describes; and he is very well able to tell the truth on this point; for he has often let them the Tabernacle for seventy-five dollars the half-day.

Fifthly, They are very glad to know, from such high authority, that they have broken up many a "synagogue of Satan," wherein "men-thieves" and their abetters, had heretofore been permitted to teach that God was a slaveholder.

Sixthly, They have, in spite of the popular piety, raised, in a considerable degree, the colored man to an equal social position, opened to him the avenues to education, refinement, and wealth, and destroyed, in a great measure, that contemptible and wicked prejudice, of which David Hale is still a pitiable proof.

Seventhly, They called things by their right names.

Eighthly, They have succeeded in some States in establishing, as far as a pro-slavery Constitution will permit, the principles of natural justice, and have so regenerated public opinion, that in many parts of this glorious Republic, a fugitive from tyranny may now receive that succor which even the veriest savages would never deny to a hunted brute.

Ninthly, Abolitionists have never quarrelled with Abolitionists. Their only warfare has been with pro-slavery, under whatever garb it tried to conceal itself—whether colonization, clerical appeal, American Union, or "new organization." They have "fired" at such churches and ministers, as not only looked "formidable," but were the most formidable foes of pure and undefiled religion; next at the Constitution and Union of these United States, as the greatest obstacle in the way of the establishment of a true Government, the strongest political bulwark of Slavery, and the worst enemy to human freedom.

So much for the nine points. Next, as to the American Board, the Abolitionists hold simply that a society for the promulgation of the Gospel among the heathen, should see to it that they are not heathen who preach it, lest in touching pitch, it be defiled; and that in admitting members to their so called Christian churches, those churches should be Christian enough, if they exclude anybody, to exclude men who are the supporters of a system which is a combination of all sin.

And lastly, the cause which Mr. Hale thinks has advanced so slowly, has, from that small beginning in a garret, in Boston, its one friend a poor printer boy, come to be the subject in every man's mind, and on every man's lips throughout all this wide land, with its twenty millions of people; nearly every Church in it has been shaken to its foundations, and some of them already divided; the great political parties are drawing up their forces to do battle on this point alone; the doom of Slavery is already sealed in the Northern slave States; and the Southerners must look to it—*are* looking to it—lest their longer delay of abolition should hurry the impatient North into a dissolution of that Union, which those who formed it, hoped would last for ages.

We give some further extracts from the Daily Globe. Poor Slamm is dreadfully afraid we shall have a negro Governor. It is hardly likely, while a denial to the poor colored man of a license to get an honest living, hardly excites more than a passing remark in the most favorable of our city papers. The spirit of *caste* in Bengal, or of tyranny in Russia, could not commit a greater outrage upon humanity than this.

The selections, and the letters from our European friends, will be read with interest.

Asa Bales.

The last *Indiana Freeman* brings the intelligence of the death of Asa Bales, of Westfield, Hamilton County, Indiana. Few, probably, in this section of country, have ever heard of him, but his loss will be deeply felt among the Abolitionists in his own State. He lived, where to be a friend of the slave, is to take up the cross daily. He did it unmoved by the persecution to which he was often subjected, and never swerved from the straight path of duty, either for the remonstrances of friends, or the abuse of foes. When in Indiana, two years ago, on an Anti-Slavery tour, some of our friends in Westfield, prepared for our coming with loaded rifles, to protect the meeting from a threatened mob. Though his principles—he was a Friend—forbid him to fight, he received us into his family, and was ready to sacrifice everything for the causes's sake. He went with us afterward to Indianapolis, which city, it was thought safe for us to enter only under the shade of night, and procured a lodging for us, with a friend, when every door, but for him, would have been closed against us. And when the next day we held a meeting, in the State-house yard, no one stood more calm, and unmoved by our side, or exercised a better influence by his firm and quiet demeanor over the pro-slavery elements around us, than Asa Bales.

In him the cause has lost an unflinching advocate, and the hunted fugitive, a friend, whose heart was ever ready to sympathize, and his hand to save. He was a native of North Carolina, and left that State to find a home where the baneful influence of Slavery could not reach. He did not, and indeed could not find it, anywhere within the borders of this Union, but he did not therefore, forget that he had a duty to do, as a man, and a Christian, to his "brethren in bonds."

Americans Abroad.

On the first page of to-day's paper is an article from the London Inquirer, which is worth a passing notice. James Haughton, of Dublin, is one of those singular men who loves to call things by their right names, and to see men in their true characters. It is his custom, I understand, when introduced to an American, to ask him if he be an Abolitionist. If the answer is an affirmative one, he welcomes the stranger within his gates as a brother beloved; if nay, he receives a gentle intimation that his acquaintance is not desirable. But if the reply is that very common one—"not an Abolitionist, but opposed to Slavery," Mr. Haughton takes the paradoxical gentleman at his word for his opposition to Slavery, and treats him with the usual attentions. The stranger, however, of this character, never leaves Mr. Haughton's house, without probably the very uncomfortable feeling that, if he only dared acknowledge it to himself, he is very much of a hypocrite, and that the kind and persuasive, yet uncompromising and unanswerable argument to which he has just listened, would convince him, had he virtue enough to be convinced, that the man who says he is "opposed to Slavery, but not an Abolitionist," must be either a knave or a fool. In other words, when Mr. Haughton comes in contact with any of these travelling representatives of our national hypocrisy, they never leave him till they have heard at length his definition of an Abolitionist and a pro-slavery man. It is his way of bearing an Anti-Slavery testimony. He will pardon me for making it public, but it is so admirable a method of rebuke, I cannot refrain from commending his example to all our friends in Europe.

From the letter to the London Inquirer, it would seem that the Rev. Dr. Parkman, a well-known Unitarian clergyman of Boston, has been the subject of one of these Irish welcomes. It is to be hoped that it may have been blessed to his spiritual welfare. Among all the divines of his persuasion, there is hardly one of them who stood in greater need of such an interposition of Providence in his behalf. I trust the Boston churches will take the hint, and ship their clergymen to Europe forthwith, for the extreme unction of Anti-Slavery—loss of social position and esteem because of their pro-slavery character. It would no doubt be blessed to very many of them. We will promise the same introduction to the British Anti Slavery public, that was given on their departure, through the Standard, to the Rev. Drs. Parkman, Codman, and Sharpe. How the two latter gentlemen were received, I have not heard, except that a certain slaveholding minister was refused fellowship in a Baptist church, although backed up by the influence of Dr. Sharpe.

Charles T. Torrey.

A letter from Baltimore, in the Liberty Standard, (Hallowell

of usefulness. Confined amid the vulgar and the vile, shut out from his family, his friends, and the world, pale, emaciated, and sick, unable for several weeks last past, to perform his daily task at the wheel, his eyes are dim, his voice hoarse, his spirits depressed, and to me, he appeared like one not long to be held by the massive walls of iron and granite that now surround him. His confinement evidently is undermining his constitution, and that he will survive the five long years yet remaining of his sentence, is quite improbable. This, I think he sensibly feels, for he spoke discouragingly, like one whose earthly hopes had fled. He thanked me affectionately for my visit, and wished to be kindly remembered to several friends whom he named. We shook hands and parted, he to return to his forlorn and confined abode, from which he can expect no release except by death, and I to pursue my journey with a heavy heart, made sad with the reflection that nothing could be done to restore him to his freedom and usefulness. And now should Mr. Torrey die in prison, as most probable he must, in the skirts of whose garments will be found his blood? Where rests the responsibility of American Slavery, there will be found the dark stain. Should he die, his blood, like that of Abel will cry for vengeance, not only from the prison of Baltimore, but from the primary assemblies of the people, from our ballot-boxes, from our Senate chambers, and halls of legislation, from the Congress of these United States, and from the pulpit too; every freeman and every Christian, who has not done all in his power to abolish this system of abominations, must plead guilty to the charge of Charles T. Torrey's murder!"

Democracy in Massachusetts.

At the late Democratic Convention, held at Springfield, the following resolutions were offered from the Business Committee:

Resolved, That while this Convention would condemn no individual for his private opinions, as a legislator, and looks rather to what those opinions NOW ARE in regard to this great American question, than to what they may have been, we nevertheless deem it a duty, when assembled as the representatives of the democratic people of Massachusetts, to express our dissent from the action of the Legislature of this State, in the resolves they have passed against the annexation of Texas, and in their adoption of one of the most obnoxious measures of the Hartford Convention, which proposed a change of the Constitution of the United States, as to the basis of representation,—a proposition unjust to the South, which came into the Union solely upon the faith of that compromise, and which every man who loves his country must now see could be carried out only to be followed by a dissolution of that Union.

Resolved, That there always has been, and probably will always continue to be, a party of DISUNIONISTS in this country, who will seek to cover their designs under the garb of assumed patriotism, or false philanthropy; that in former times this party was auxiliary to the old federal party, and guided its councils, and at the present time exists in a nominal separate organization, but in close communion with the Whig party, under the guise of the abolition party. That so far from advancing the cause of emancipation, which it left where the Constitution places it, in the free disposition of the States that are alone responsible for their domestic institutions, would ere this have resulted in an increase of free States, the political organization in the free States against Slavery, has only consolidated the South for it, and closed the mouths of its advocates in those States where alone they could have been heard with effect. And, therefore, while we hold ourselves in nowise answerable for this peculiar institution of the South, which we should rejoice to see discontinued by the voluntary action of those who have the political right to control it within their own limits, this Convention can hold no communion with those who make opposition to Slavery the *one idea* of their political organization, or who hold to the abominable doctrine which has been proclaimed by some of their conventions, that no honest man can take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, because it guarantees the existence of Slavery.

The resolutions were not passed, it being represented by Mr. Boutwell, of Groton, to the Convention, that their passage would seal the fate of the party in Massachusetts. Another speaker said it would cost them 5,000 votes.

Samuel Brooke.

Samuel Brooke, of Oakland, Clinton county, Ohio, is appointed General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of Ohio. He is so well known, and highly esteemed among the Abolitionists of that State, that I need not commend him to their kindness and confidence.

☞ Benjamin Tollman, of Portsmouth, R. I. is informed that the money which he forwarded, has never been received.

☞ Boughton, or "Big Thunder," the anti-renter, has been convicted, and sentenced to State prison for life.

☞ The publisher of the Free Labor Advocate, will please send Wm. Bell's paper to Cincinnati, Ohio, instead of this city.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Two Weeks Later from Europe.

The steamship Cambria, Capt. Judkins, from Liverpool, arrived at Boston, on Thursday last, with advices to the 19th ultimo.

The Great Britain arrived at Liverpool on the 15th.

The impression in Great Britain is so strong that Mexico has declared war against the United States, that a number of vessels have gone to the Gulf of Mexico, to be employed as privateers.

The Queen has returned home from the continent.—She made a friendly call on Louis Phillippe, at Treport.

The disease in potatoes, is said to be almost universal in Europe. The crop in Ireland will be one-third smaller than usual.

Daniel O'Connell is still at Derrynane, and issues his bulletins weekly at Conciliation Hall. His son, John O'Connell, in acknowledging some money recently, from America, alluding to the death of Jackson, observed that his having been a slaveholder, has "damned him to everlasting fame."

Mr. Thomas Davis, the principal editor of the Nation, is dead.

There has been a great battle between the Circassians and Russians, in which the latter alone lost eight thousand men! The number of Circassians killed is not mentioned. The battle lasted five days.

There has been another attempted insurrection, which was speedily repressed.

In consequence of the failure of the potatoe crop in Belgium, a royal ordinance has been issued, decreeing that wheat, and all other kinds of corn, together with potatoes, shall be admitted free. Their exportation is prohibited.

The expense of the fetes given upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Rhine, is stated, in the German papers, to amount to 5,900,000 francs, (£200,000 sterling,) or about a million of dollars. The musicians alone were paid 400,000 francs.

There is very little news of general interest. The papers are chiefly filled with a minute and tedious narration of the Queen's homeward journey, and the details of a brutal prize-fight somewhere in England, between two noted professors of the sublime science of pummelling men to death for the fun of it.

Sixteen Days Later from Mexico.—Withdrawal of the French Minister.

The United States frigate Princeton, arrived at Pensacola on the morning of the 20th instant, having sailed from Vera Cruz on the 15th. Our previous dates were brought by the Mexican schooner Geraldo, which left Vera Cruz on the 30th of August. By the arrival of the Princeton we did not receive our regular files, and gather the following items of information from our correspondence and some chance papers.

The French Minister, Baron Alleye de Ciprey, having been again refused the reparation he demanded for the personal indignities offered him some months since, has demanded and received his passports. He was expected to leave in the next packet from Vera Cruz. The *Siglo Diez y Nueve* makes an elaborate defence of the action of the Mexican Government, insisting upon it that the demands of the Baron were beyond reason, and could not be granted without trampling upon the inviolability of the powers of the judiciary and the social guarantees which repose thereupon.

By the papers received at Vera Cruz on the 14th from Mexico, it appears that a despatch had arrived at the capital, stating that three thousand regular troops of the United States and fifteen hundred Texans were on the march for Matamoras.

By the returns, Herrera has received 110 out of 130 votes. Only one Department remains to be heard from.

Tobasco was still in the possession of the Federalists, and as yet the Government have been unable to despatch any troops to put down the revolt. The revolution at Tobasco is repudiated by the Federalists of Mexico.

Paredes was at San Luis Potosi with a force of ten thousand men. He was ostensibly making preparations to march for the Northern frontier; but his designs are suspected, and he has been accused in Mexico of aiming at a military dictatorship. A division under his command have pronounced against the present Government, and in favor of a military system. Paredes has written that he has succeeded in restoring order, and professes to be favorably disposed to the present Government; these professions are, however, distrusted.

The order for establishing the *Defensores* has been unsuccessful in most of the Departments heard from. In some Departments they had not enlisted a single person. The terms of the enlistment have in consequence been modified. The system of voluntary enlistment has been regarded by the supporters of the army with great jealousy, and was denounced as intended to supplant and disband the regular troops for political purposes.

The Santa Anna party are in favor of postponing the declaration of war against the United States to a more propitious time, in view of the present distracted and unprepared condition of the country. The *Siglo XIX* still contends, as it did in the outset, that as the war with the United States is a war of defence solely, the object of which is to recover a portion of territory which has been wrested from Mexico, that an *express declaration* or announcement of war is not necessary; that the previous protests and solemn declarations of Mexico cover the whole ground.

The Government is so beset with difficulties and embarrassed in its resources, and the country is in so distracted a state, that it is believed that another revolution is inevitable, and that it may occur at any moment.—*New Orleans Picayune, September* 23.

From Texas.

The National Register of the 4th instant, says President Jones has authorized Col. Clark L. Owen, of Jackson County, to raise one thousand men, by voluntary enrolment, to be mustered into the United States service, under Gen. Taylor. Major Hays, with his command, is also to co-operate with Gen. Taylor.

Hon. J. B. Miller, of Fort Bend, has consented to become a candidate for Governor of the State of Texas.—The National Register says that Col. Albert C. Horton is spoken of for Lieutenant Governor.

From Turk's Island Gazette, of September 16.

Important from Haiti.

By a gentleman who arrived here, on Sunday, in the Governor Mathew, from Cape Hayti, we have learned some particulars as to the present state of that country. It appears that matters are drawing to a crisis. The Haitian Government have at length taken active and decisive measures, and a strong force by land, as also by sea, had been directed towards the Dominican territory. On Wednesday the 3d instant, a squadron composed of a corvette of 18 guns, a large topsail schooner, and three smaller schooners, sailed from the Cape, met and drove the Dominican naval force of three schooners, on shore, under the batteries at Monti Christi, where the crews having landed and assisted by the batteries, kept the Haitians at bay for several hours, but finally two of the Dominican vessels were burnt, and the third captured. The squadron returned to Cape Hayti, late on the Monday evening following. In the meantime a large force had left the Cape by land, and marched on a point commanding the communication between Port au Platte and St. Jago, whilst another army was to take the southern road, and attack the city of St. Domingo.

A blockade of Port au Platte, was proclaimed through the streets of the Cape, but no official notice had been given to the consuls, and it was doubed by those gentlemen whether the mere proclamation, would warrant the capture or detention of a foreign flag, endeavoring to enter Port au Platte.

A brigantine had been purchased by the Haitian Government, to be armed as a man of war. The President General Pierrot, had arrived at the Cape and intended to take the field in person. A large supply of fire-arms had been received.

Trade was dull and a long drouth had made fruit and vegetables scarce and dear.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Late and Important News from Buenos Ayres.

By the ship Courier, from Rio Janeiro, Capt. Wolfe, we have dates to August 28th, and from Pernambuco to the 6th September. Hon. A. H. EVERETT, Minister to China, and lady, and AMERY EDWARDS, Esq. bearer of despatches to the United States Government, and the Argentine Minister, came passengers. By the politeness of the latter gentleman, we have been favored with information to September 5th, stating that the English had commenced hostilities against the Argentine Government, and had taken possession of their squadron. From the British Packet, of August 2d, we copy the following:

"As this week has been one in which very important events were expected to take place, we have waited till the last moment, in order to be able to give our readers abroad, every possible information in regard to the present posture of affairs. All we can state is, that the Envoys of England, and France, obeying, no doubt, instructions framed on the assumption of a far different state of things, than that which really exists in the Rio de la Plata, made certain demands of the Argentine Government, which the latter, justly considering offensive to the rights and dignity of an independent nation, very properly declined to comply with. In consequence of this refusal, the Ministers requested their passports, which having been forwarded to them, they embarked yesterday for Monte Video. However, it appears that this withdrawal of their Excellencies, does not involve an interruption of diplomatic intercourse, as it is understood that M. Marueil continues in his character of Charge d' Affaires of France, and that Mr. Ball remains in charge of the British Legation."

General Items.

Outrage at Logan, O.—A correspondent of the Athenian, published at Athens, O. gives an account of the illegal measures of the citizens of Logan, Hocking county, to rid themselves of a gang of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, who made Green township head quarters, and the place of their grand councils. Adania Matheny, the leader of this banditti, was beaten almost to death, and he and his accomplices were warned to leave the place within a given time. The buildings of some of the gang were destroyed.

Methodist Church.—We understand that dissensions exist in one of the Methodist churches in this city, which have led to unpleasant difficulties. These dissensions have grown out of the separation of the church, which was declared by a Convention, at Louisville, last spring. A portion of the congregation of the church to which we allude, in the First Ward, adhere to the old organization, and oppose the separation; another, and the larger portion, acquiesce in it. Within a few days, such of the trustees as are anti-separationists, got possession of the keys of the church, or house used for that purpose, locked it, and when the minister appeared for the purpose of performing his clerical functions, they refused him admission. The majority of the trustees, who belong to the other party, afterward got together, proceeded to the church, forced open the doors, and put new locks upon them—of which they have now the keys. What move will next be made, is hard to say; but we hope that the matter may be adjusted without farther trouble.—*St. Louis Republican, September* 12.

A Fight in Church.—The *Arkansas Gazette* states that a serious disturbance took place a few Sundays since, in Little Rock, in the church used on alternate Sabbaths by the Methodists and Baptists. It seems that the Sunday upon which the disturbance occurred, the building was claimed by both denominations, and after a long disputation, the parties came to blows.

A Horrible Story.—The Talladega Watchman says that a man by the name of Adam Whitenant, living in Dekalb county, Alabama, and one by the name of Bryant Smith, of the same county, got into a difficulty, in which, Smith proved the better of his antagonist. Whitenant returned home to appease his wrath by taking vengeance upon his wife. He whipped her most unmercifully; he then piled some sixteen rails upon her, with the view of putting a period to her existence by burning her alive.

The children being alarmed, went for some one to rescue their mother. They could find no one but the same Bryant Smith who flogged Whitehant in the early part of the day. Smith went to the mother's relief. When he arrived, the fire was already applied to the rails. He rescued her from the devouring flames. He and the lady were leaving the premises, and after having gone some distance, Whitenant went into the house and began to beat the children severely. Smith returned to relieve the little sufferers, as he entered the door of the house Whitenant made at him with an axe, and severed his head from his body. Whitenant did not attempt to escape, and was arrested and committed to the county jail to await his trial at the next term of the Circuit Court.

Our Cherokee Indians own 1,000 slaves, and the Choctaws 131.

A New Life Boat has just been invented in England. It is made of ground cork and India-rubber. The substances are first compounded, and then cut into shegis, which are applied to a frame work, in three different courses. It is the invention of Lieut. Walker, of the Royal Marines. It is said to be a perfect thing, to be light, incapable of sinking, tough and elastic. A hole made in it by a shot, or a sharp piece of rock, has no effect on its ability to perform its service.

Choctaw Indians.—"Pitchlyn, the elective chief of 25,000 civilized Choctaws, beyond the Mississippi," says the Mississippi Free Trader, "will probably visit Washington this winter for the purpose of applying to Congress for the admission of his nation as a territory into the United States with a delegate in Congress. A Constitution, it is said, has been adopted by the voters of the nation, and every preliminary step taken for submitting it to Congress, and this distinguished chief selected as their representative."

The Anti-Renters of Albany county refuse to accept the proposition lately made by Stephen Van Rensselaer to the tenants of the Manor.

Aaron White, who has been in custody at Hartford, for several months, charged with the murder of Moses Whitney, of Cabetville, on the 4th of July last, has been discharged, the Grand Jury not having been able to find a bill against him. The person who committed the deed still remains undetected.

Texas Constitution.—The following are portions of the new constitution of Texas:—No divorce can be granted by the Legislature. All property, both real and personal, of the wife, owned or claimed by her before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise, or descent, shall be her separate property; and laws shall be passed more clearly defining the rights of the wife, in relation as well to her separate property as that held in common with her husband. Laws shall also be passed providing for the registration of the wife's separate property.

And all who shall offend, (by fighting a duel, accepting a challenge &c.,) after the adoption of the Constitution, shall be deprived of holding any office of trust or profit.—*Mirror.*

The Kidnappers.—We learn from the Ohio State Journal that the Grand Jury, at the term of the Supreme Court in Washington County, returned bills of indictment against the Virginia kidnappers. Governor Bartley, upon the receipt of the official papers, promptly despatched a messenger with his requisition upon the Governor of Virginia for a warrant to arrest and bring the accused to Ohio for trial. We wait the action of the Governor of Virginia on this requisition with some anxiety. Governor Bartley has promptly discharged his duty, and discharged it, in exact conformity to the Constitution of the United States; and if the Governor of Virginia refuses to comply with the requisition he will place himself and the State of Virginia in the wrong.—[Cincinnati Gazette.

Port Tobacco, Sept. 16.—The trial of the negroes indicted for being concerned in the late insurrectionary movements in this (Charles) county, was brought to a close last night, by the Jury rendering, in the case of Negro Mark, a verdict of *Not Guilty*. Mark is a free man, having been set free under the Will of Captain Barnes, late Clerk of this County. Negro Bill Wheeler was tried last week, and found guilty. There was much excitement in relation to these cases, and the popular mind was strongly against the prisoners. The verdict in the case of Negro Mark turned upon a technical construction of the law of 1809, under which the indictments were found, and the Court (Judge C. Dorsey) decided, on motion of J. M. S. Causin, counsel for the prisoner, "that the meeting of negroes with fire-arms in their hands, to run away was *not* an insurrectionary movement, within the meaning of the statute,"—and hence it followed that the prisoner could not be convicted under the indictment.—[Cor. Balt. Pat.

The Mormons.—Governor Ford seems to have abandoned his first intention, to let the Mormons and anti-Mormons fight it out, indifferent which whipped; and has issued two proclamations, which are published in the *Gazette* of last evening. Exaggerated statements, received at Springfield, probably produced this change of purpose, and induced him to make a call for five hundred men, from the citizens of Sangamon, Menard, Cass, Scott, Pike, Morgan, and Green counties. He also calls upon Gen. Hardin, Cols. Baker, Weatherford, Merriman, and Boyce, to aid in raising this force. He says, in one of these papers, that "this time, there is no mistake but that an insurrection does exist:" he appoints Beardstown as the place of rendezvous, and this day as the time for the gallant militia to make their appearance.

In the second proclamation, issued last Sunday, having received information of a battle, in which eighteen anti-Mormons, and three Mormons were killed, and a number of anti-Mormons were taken prisoners, he calls "upon all the young men of Sangamon county to come to Springfield, at three o'clock, of the afternoon of Tuesday next, [last,] ready for service. The state of things existing in Hancock (he says) must not continue; the law must be magnified and restored to its supremacy, or otherwise our Government is at an end." We don't know how many volunteers answered this call, but we guess not many. There is no truth, at all events, in the battle, which is made the foundation of this proclamation. Our intelligence from Warsaw, is later than the date of the document itself, and no such affair was known to have occurred at that time. The prairie "skrimmage" and race between Backenstos, and a portion of the anti-Mormons, doubtless, gave rise to the story.—*St. Louis Republican, Sept.* 25.

Another Parkersburgh Move.—Our Virginia neighbors are not content with having kidnapped and imprisoned our citizens, and holding them in prison, under pretence of having by *construction*, committed a crime in Virginia, although they are known not to have been within the limits of Ohio. They are not content with the violence and outrage upon the rights of the citizens of the State; and we are now informed that the Grand Jury at Parkersburgh, have found bills of indictment against three more citizens of Ohio, for aiding and assisting in the escape of Harwood's slaves, to wit: Barden Stanton, Titus Shotwell, and Joseph Romaine. The Governor of Virginia has been solicited to make a requisition upon the Governor of Ohio, to deliver these men up as *fugitives* from Virginia. True, these men have not been in Virginia, nor done any act without the limits of the State of Ohio; but what of that? Certain men in Wood county have, no doubt, determined to seek redress for the loss of several slaves, from the three citizens of Ohio, or to punish them according to the laws of Virginia, for acts done in Ohio, and to make the courts, the Executive of Virginia, and the forms of law subservient to their views. The feelings of the citizens of Ohio, have been justly excited by these violent and outrageous proceedings, and we had hoped that when the time had elapsed for passion to subside, our neighbors would more carefully regard our rights, and adopt some course of proceeding less offensive, and conforming in some degree at least, to the forms of law and justice, but we are disappointed. The determination seems to be to push these wrongs to their limit.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Colored Settlement in Mercer County.—This settlement is to be one of the grandest arguments for emancipation, that has ever been made, the great Bible argument not excepted. The premises were laid some seven or eight years ago, by AUGUSTUS WATTLES, and the filling up has since been going on, the facts are daily brought forward, and the conclusion and summation are not yet. But when it shall be finished, it shall stand a mountain fact, with its head in the heavens, and to be seen all over the world.

It will tell more for the ability of the colored people, than a score of set speeches. When they began, it was all wilderness, forty miles from market, not a tree had been cut, save what the bear hunters might have fallen.

Now they have large farms under fence and cultivation, bountiful crops are waving in ripeness, or are gathered and stored for winter. Nearly every settler is a member of the "teetotal" pledge, and *lawing* is almost unknown among them.

The productions of one farm only can be given, 400 bushels wheat, 1,000 bushels corn, 300 rye, 400 oats, 30 tons hay, and all this on 130 acres, and where eight years ago it was wild woods! Their land reaches nearly eighteen miles on a public road, and amounts to upwards of 30,000 acres. They have also a valuable *Library* of near 1,000 volumes—histories, biographies, voyages, moral, miscellaneous, &c. This splendid Library was the gift of CHARLES WHIPPLE, of Newburyport, Mass. and for this munificent act he is worthy their gratitude forever, and their public expression shows them not unmindful of their high obligation.—*Herald of Progression.*

Poison by Arsenic.—A late number of the LONDON LANCET, republished by those spirited and enterprising men, BURGESS, STRINGER & Co. of New-York, contains an article of extraordinary interest on several cases of accidental POISONING WITH ARSENIC, successfully treated with the Hydrated Peroxide of Iron. It appears, from the most indisputable chemical authority, that it is a positive antidote, instantly neutralizing the arsenic, and converting it into a perfectly harmless substance.—*Troy Budget.*

Punishment of Duelling in Oregon.—The people in Oregon seem determined to discountenance duelling. We see that one criminal was fined $500 for sending a challenge, and rendered ineligible to any office of trust, or profit, and was deprived of the privilege of voting at any election. He was drawn as a juror, before the grand jury brought in the bill against him, and by order of court, his name was erased from the list. That is the right way to establish law and order in a new country.

German Settlement in Tennessee.—Our readers are already aware that a company of German immigrants have commenced a settlement in Morgan County, East Tennessee. We learn but little of the progress of this enterprise of late, but what we do hear is of a character favorable to its success. We understand recently, that an eligible site has been selected, and a plan for a town, to be called Wartburg, projected, and that efforts are making for the removal of the county seat to the new town, from Montgomery, its present location.—*Nashville (Tr.) Whig.*

Suicide of Ex-Speaker White.—The *National Intelligencer* announces the melancholy suicide of Judge White, late Speaker of the House of Representatives. A letter from Richmond, Kentucky, dated Sept. 26th, says:

"He left his home in ill health, about a week since, to attend his duties as Circuit Judge, and returned yesterday to the bosom of his interesting family. He was sick to-day, and confined to his bed, until he terminated his existence about 3 o'clock, P. M. by shooting himself through the head. It is generally rumored that he has been insane for several days, but of the truth of this I know not."

A Magnificent Carpet.—The large carpet lately finished at the royal manufactory of the Gobelins, has lately been put down on the floor of the ambassador's hall at the palace of Versailles. It is the most splendid carpet in the world; it was commenced sixty-two years ago, or in 1783, and has but just been completed. The whole border is worked with rich garlands of flowers, and the four corners each with a large bunch of roses copied from celebrated paintings, and embracing all the roses known in France.

"Try Me."—The motto on the seal of Gen: Sam Houston, is "try me."—*Cin. Com.*

If the invitation is addressed to a criminal court, we hope it will be promptly accepted.—*Louisville Journal.*

The author of the "Vestiges of Creation," it is now stated, on the authority of the publishers, is the Rev. Mr. Newman, brother of the Oxford Professor, but an Anti-Puseyite.

Strange Text.—Mr. Bryant, in one of his letters from Scotland, published in the New-York Evening *Post*, says that Rev. Dr. Linsey concluded a service by announcing there would be a third discourse in the evening. "The subject," continued he, "will be the thoughts and exercises of Jonah in the whale's belly."

A great place for Babies.—According to the census of 1840, there were in Missouri, at that time, the astonishing number of sixty-seven thousand, one hundred and ninety-seven babies, or young specimens of humanity under the age of five years! If they have continued to come in an increasing ratio, we wonder how many the next census will record.

Post Office Receipts.—A Washington letter says, it is estimated that the deficiency in the Post Office receipts, chargeable upon the Treasury, will be nearly a million and a half of dollars.

A Duel Stopped.—Miss Mary Ann Golden was yesterday arrested on the affidavit of Miss Mary Rogers, charged with sending the latter a challenge. It appears that the parties, who live in Franklin street, have had a dispute, which, in the opinion of Miss Golden, could only be settled by an appeal to arms; accordingly, she sent Miss Rogers a challenge, of which the following is a true copy:

FRANKLIN STREET, Wednesday Morning.

MADAM—I hereby notify you to meet me at one o'clock this evening, at the other side of the French grave-yard, then and there to settle our dispute, agreeably to the "Code of honor." My friend, Miss Sarah ——, who will hand you this, will meet any friend you may select to settle all preliminaries. MARY ANN GOLDEN.

To Miss MARY ROGERS.

[*New Orleans Picayune, 11th ultimo.*

An Insurrectionist found Guilty.—Negro William Wheeler, one of the ringleaders of the gang of negroes who recently left Charles county, Md, has been tried by Charles county Court, now in session, on an indictment for insurrection, and found guilty. The punishment is death. One of his accomplices is on trial for the same offence.

Novel Suit.—Absalom F. Boston, a colored man, has commenced a suit against the town of Nantucket, on account of the school committee having refused to admit his daughter, Phebe Ann Boston, into one of the public schools on the 2d day of June last. The town, in town meeting, have voted to defend the suit. The question is, whether colored children are not entitled to admission to the schools on precisely the same footing as the whites, even though a school may be established for their exclusive attendance. The courts will have to adjudicate upon it, and the decision will be an important one as a precedent.

The London correspondent of the Boston Traveller, says, that in a conversation with Green, the æronaut a short time since, he, Green, stated, that if a sufficient sum was secured to him in England and America, to remunerate him for making the aerial voyage, he would go to Boston in the steamer, and taking advantage of the westerly winds would return to England in his balloon. The writer thinks it will be attempted.

Traversing the Prairies.—A gentleman of Alton, (Ill.) is constructing a steam carriage to run without rails.—The wheels are four feet broad, and about six in diameter. He thinks he can make a road across the prairies with it, and render the clayey ground as hard as though it was McAdamized.

A Substitute for Coffee.—A letter from a gentleman to Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, Washington, says the ripe seeds of the plant *okra*, much used in soup, &c. burned and used as a coffee, cannot be distinguished from it, even the best Java. The seeds are sown an inch deep in drills, four feet apart, in May, and cultivated like corn or peas. It yields abundantly, and is very healthy. Mr. E. has the seeds.

Arrival of a Slaver.—The brig Albert, of Boston, late Woodbury, 39 days from Bahia, in charge of Lt. Commanding Walker, of the United States brig Bainbridge, arrived here yesterday. The A. has been sent home at the instance of Alexander H. Tyler, Esq. United States Consul at Bahia, on the charge of being engaged in the Slave Trade, between the coast of Africa and Brazil, in conjunction with brig Washington's Barge—late of this port. The first officer and crew of the Washington's Barge, have been brought home prisoners in the Albert. Capt. Woodbury, late master of the Albert, effected his escape prior to her sailing.—*Philadelphia Gazette, Sept.* 15.

Free Negroes at Work.—The St. Charles (Mo.) *Advertiser*, of Thursday, contains the following statement:—"On Sunday night last, two of the slaves belonging to Mr. Alvarez, of St. Louis county, were found concealed in old Toney's house, a free negro, living in Green's Bottom, St. Charles county, by Messrs. Tigart, Towers, and others. The negroes were ordered to surrender themselves, but choosing to fight rather than obey, inflicted severe wounds on Mr. Tigart, and Mr. James Towers. Tigart discharged three loads from a revolving pistol, only one took effect, lodging a ball in the left breast of the negro man—slightly wounding him. The negro woman was shot through the neck, and in the left shoulder, by one of the gentlemen outside of the house, as she attempted to make her escape through the roof. The negro man is lodged in the jail of our county, and the woman is in Green's Bottom. Toney is one of those palavering, honest pretending old negroes, whom our citizens but a short time since thought it would be nothing but an act of humanity, in assisting him to purchase his wife. It will also be recollected, that it has not been long since we were warned of the disposition to harbor runaway slaves, by a free negro living near our town. Rigid discipline, and humane treatment, should be the action of every owner. Setting them free without the means to leave the country entirely, is not an act of kindness in the estimation of God or intelligent men."

Miss Dix.—This indefatigable woman visited the State Prison during her stay at Trenton, and finding the prison without a Library, and destitute of other stated means of moral instruction, resolved to provide one through her individual resources. This is creditable to her feelings, but the State should furnish the prison with a Library, and the other usual means of moral culture. It is as much a part of the solitary plan of prison discipline, as a keeper, or bolts and locks.—*Newark Advertiser.*

New Jersey Lunatic Asylum.—The Building Commissioners of the Lunatic Asylum, met at Trenton, last week, with the Governor, to adopt a plan for the building. Miss Dix was present with several plans and drawings, combining the result of her observations and experience.—They have adopted a plan, which contemplates a building of three parts, to be altogether 460 feet front: the centre building to be 60 feet front, and 84 deep. The wings will be 200 feet front each, and the whole is designed to make ample room for 200 patients. The design has been adopted after careful examination of various Asylums in the country, though the plan of no one of them has been followed, and it is thought to be altogether an improvement. Such, we understand, to be the opinion of Miss Dix, Dr. Kirkbridge, physician of the Schuylkill Asylum, and others. The building will be three stories high.

The Commissioners are determined to proceed with the work without delay, and advertise for proposals.—*Newark Advertiser.*

Elizabeth Waldo's Will.—The will of the late Elizabeth Waldo, was filed in the Probate Office, yesterday.—The greater portion of her large estate is given, eventually, to benevolent purposes. After several specific legacies to her connexions, she provides that four thousand dollars shall be held in trust by her Executors, and placed at interest, as an accumulating fund, so to remain during the life of her surviving sister. After her death, two hundred dollars a year, is to be paid to an individual long resident in the family, during her natural life. At her decease, the principal, with all the accumulation which may remain, is to be paid to the American Bible Society.

All the remainder of her property is to be held in trust and placed at interest, and the income thereof, paid to her surviving sister during her natural life. At her decease, the whole is to be equally divided between the following societies and institutions, which are constituted her *residuary legatees*, viz: The American Bible Society—The Foreign Evangelical Society—The American Protestant Society—The Colonization Society—The Bangor Theological Seminary—The American Seamen's Friend Society, and the American Bethel Society. The amount to be received by these societies, as residuary legatees, will probably be about *twelve thousand dollars each*. The additional specific legacy to the Bible Society will make that society's portion sixteen thousand dollars or more.—*Worcester Spy.*

Aristocracy.—In the course of an oration in the French Chamber of Deputies recently, General Foy chanced to use the word aristocracy. A voice from the ministerial side asked for a definition of it. "Aristocracy," said he, "in the nineteenth century, is the league, the coalition, of those who wish to consume, without producing, live without working, occupying all public places, without being competent to fill them, and seize upon all honors without meriting them—that is aristocracy."

The Ten Hour Strike.—Pittsburgh papers of Saturday, give accounts of a grand procession of the operatives, from the various factories in that vicinity, who are on a strike for the ten hour system. The Post says:—"There was a very large turn-out. The number of girls in the procession, was over four hundred—the whole number of operatives in attendance, was nearly eleven hundred. The right of the procession was assigned to the girls from Blackstock's factory, for the reason that it is the oldest establishment. They carried a beautiful banner, on which was inscribed:

'THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.'
'Unless we get ten hours, we'll not weave,
No! not so much as one shirt sleeve.'

They also had a beautiful silk flag, very tastefully decorated. The girls, and male operatives from the Eagle, Hope, and Union factories, followed in order."

After marching through Pittsburgh, and Allegany City a grand mass meeting was held, in which they were joined by the citizens, and a number of addresses delivered. Before adjourning, the meeting appointed a committee to prepare an address to the factory operatives of the United States, urging upon them the propriety of insisting upon the ten hour system.

NOTICES.

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS

Anti-Slavery Fair,

TO BE HELD IN

FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The undersigned, deeply sensible of the obligations of those who begin a work of beneficent reform to carry it forward to the end of their lives, have determined to continue, during the present, as in the eleven preceding years, to disseminate the moral principles, and awaken the feelings which alone can effect the abolition of Slavery.

If we needed fresh stimulus in a work, which perpetually renews the devoted spirit, we could not fail to find it in the present condition of our country. The supporters of Slavery, perceiving that the practice and the preaching of a higher morality, endangers the perpetuity of their system, hope by the annexation of Texas to maintain the balance of power in its favor. But Freedom can gain at the North faster than Slavery at the South, if those who call themselves friends of Freedom, will but labor with zeal and diligence in her behalf.

Our appeal is, in an especial manner, to those who are newly awakened to the nature of Slavery, and its unavoidable termination in political subjugation, and national ruin:—and, who earnestly desire to avoid the fatal consequences of the atrocious deed of Texan Annexation. If the people were awake to the importance of this question of Annexation to the welfare, to the honor, to the very existence of the UNITED STATES, *as such*, they would speak with one voice from every city, county and town throughout the free States, in that decisive tone which would settle the question in the negative at once and forever:—which would sunder any such connection already formed, as threads are parted by flame.

It is to awaken—to inform—to inspire the American people with a sense of what they owe their times, their race, and themselves, that we propose this effort, to be carried on through the year, and to be concluded in December next, with THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS A. S. FAIR. Wherever, the country over, there is a single person professing an interest in the cause, whose eye this shall meet, let that person instantly commence operations for THE FAIR, and interest as many others as possible for its success.

We have the pleasure of announcing to those who have aided us the last year, that but little remains on hand of the contributions of the last Fair. The whole will have been converted into money before the next, and employed in supplying lecturers and publications. Let no one shrink from the duty of aiding us, because he does not deem the Anti-Slavery lecturers and publications the best possible;—our object is to arouse those whose office it *should* have been to bear the truth to *us*: those whom all confess to be, by their prudence, mildness, judiciousness, and position, rightly qualified for the work we have undertaken, if they could but be induced to undertake it. From among these, we fervently hope, will arise, such as shall put to shame all former advocates, by their devotedness, their zeal, their diligence, and their disinterestedness.

We request for the cause's sake, the immediate formation of Anti-Slavery working clubs, for the aid of THE FAIR. Men can do as much for it as women, by furnishing the requisite funds; by making articles for it, as time permits,—the best specimens of their mechanical ingenuity, and manufacturing skill,—by sending the fruits of their agricultural industry. We ask not for the formation of sewing-circles *only*, but for working-clubs of every description. They may be made the medium of a happier social intercourse than commonly prevails. They may be reading societies and working societies, while their object is the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause.

We ask of all our friends, and the friends of the cause, and the opposers of Texan Annexation throughout the country, to take the action above indicated. We ask of all such in this city, donations of money or materials, or orders for such articles as they prefer to purchase at the Fair.

Of the opposers of Annexation, we feel that we have a double *right* to ask aid: for have not *our* efforts aroused them to a sense of the danger and the wrong, and are not *their* efforts consequently due to awaken those who yet slumber over it? It is not more imminent now, than during all these years between 1835 and 1845, which they have slept away, while we watched and worked. Require, now, to others, the good for which we should scorn the thought of a return to ourselves. We desire only to give the advantage of our personal exertions and experience in making this requital as extensively beneficial as economy and knowledge of the ground can do.

Donations and communications may be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN, 25 Cornhill, office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, or to either of the undersigned:—

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS
MARY G. CHAPMAN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
ELIZA L. FOLLEN,
SARAH S. RUSSEL,
SARAH B. SHAW,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
LAVINIA HILTON,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARIA LOWELL,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
LOUISA LORING
HANNAH TUFTS,
CATHERINE SARGENT,
M. A. W. JOHNSON.
CAROLINE WESTON,
ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
MARY YOUNG,
HARRIET M. JACKSON,
MARY F. ROGERS.
ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARY WILLEY.
MARIAN FULLER.
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA PARKER,
HARRIET STURGIS.

Boston, August 29, 1845.

FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

The next stated meeting of this Society will be held on the 9th of 10th month, (October,) at half-past seven o'clock, P. M. in Clarkson Hall. A full attendance is requested. SARAH A. McKIM, Sec.

FREE PRODUCE.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Society will be held in Philadelphia, on third day, the 21st of 10th mo.

All persons interested in the cause of the slave, are earnestly invited to be present. SARAH PUGH, Sec.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his suf

Poetry.

From the Christian World.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

O, Slavery, cruel Slavery!
Your race is nearly run;
The earth is weary of you,
You're a horror to the sun.
O, dark and cruel monster,
You may earth and heaven defy,
With your foot upon the neck of man,
And your face against the sky.
You may think yourself triumphant,
You have gained new States and lands,
To desolate, with locust tooth,
What you grasp with robber hands;
With blood and whip and brutal lust
To foul those virgin plains,
And where God has sent the freest breeze,
To carry yokes and chains.
Your haughty look and waving lash
Have made our great ones falter,
And men we thought made of Plymouth rock
Have crumbled to sand and water.
But Northern politicians
Are not the Northern mind;
You may trample on those coward hearts—
There's another power behind.

I feel a heaving motion,
A sound is in mine ear,
'Tis the swell of a rising ocean,
'Tis the coming age I hear!
I hear the voice of a grey-haired man,
Above this insect hum, [tones,
And the thoughts which ring in those clear, shrill
Shall waken the dogs that are dumb.
'Mid the beech woods of Kentucky,
Stands the bravest of the brave,
And like a trumpet peals his voice
Along Ohio's wave.
Over the Alleghanies,
By the far Atlantic shore,
Speaks the "Tribune" of the people,
'Mid the city's dusty roar.
Nor be the manly spirits
Forgotten in our list,
Who first took up the hated name
Of Abolitionist.
We call them narrow-minded;
And very narrow too
Is the lightning bolt which rends the heart
Of the hickory through and through,
'Tis narrow—but it kindles
The cloud's enormous pile,
And wide around the stormy sky
Breaks with a sudden smile.
Over the far horizon,
With a very narrow ray,
Looks the first level sunbeam;
But it widely wakes the day.
And the man of one idea
Is Freedom's pioneer;
At his very name the tyrant's heart
Shall shake with a sudden fear.

Then tremble, cruel Slavery,
Within your castle wall!
Before the mustering hosts of truth
Your feudal tower must fall.
From the grassy grave where Channing sleeps,
From the melancholy main
Where Follen's hero soul arose,
Shall breathe a solemn strain.
When a Pierpont, or a Lowell,
Or a Whittier, touch the lyre;
When honest men shall sit in talk
Around the cabin fire;
From the sweet flowers of the meadow,
From the tranquil groves of pine,
Shall come a holy influence
To shake that power of thine,
And every loving poet,
And every woman's heart,
With the sterner thought of manhood,
In this strife shall take a part.
All nobler aspiration,
All keener sense of truth,
The rugged wit of homely age,
The fire of hopeful youth.
The Sceptic and the Bigot
Shall battle side by side,
And the one shall forget his idle doubts,
The other his idler pride.
With a vortex ever widening,
To a broader sweep and span,
This holy cause shall win to its side,
All that is true in man.
In the rosy blush of this blessed morn,
In the toss of these happy waves,
I hear a voice—"This is not the land
For Masters, or for Slaves." J. F. C.

Lake Michigan, August, 1845.

From the Democratic Review.

LABOR.

BY MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us!
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us!
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing:
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,
From the rough sod flows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish, are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look on yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good—be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! All labor is noble and holy:—
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.—*Young.*

Miscellany.

Dawn Island.....A Tale.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER VI.—[Concluded.]

THE PRIEST AND THE ADVENT.

"Nothing is settled," thought he, "even to the oldest, to whom the young come as to oracles.—News may arrive, even to our latest day; and what we knew and had forgotten, comes again like news. No one could better tell once where particular stars were to be looked for than I; but there had so long been to me only a misty shine in the sky in summer nights, that I had almost forgotten the sights that were behind it. And now the little yellow fires burn clearly,—so many that the gods themselves can hardly count them. What would Teoro think of them; he who has always been dim-eyed? I will seek him out, and try to make him see them. But I know something of what he will feel, for I have this day been shown some wonderful things, about which I have been dim-eyed from my birth. I thought there had been no men but those like ourselves, all living in the islands of this wide sea; but I am told, and I must believe it, that very different men live somewhere in the world,—knowing our sun, being able to float, and fish in our sea, and to drink water, and eat flesh and fruit as we do. They must be men, because they did not draw out and devour our spirits, but chose rather to eat fish, and a hog. Yet they must have to do with the gods, because they have magical powers, and can give them to us,—causing fire to come in a moment where there was none before, and making dim eyes old and young by turns. If there are such different kinds of men, how can I tell how many sorts there may be? And if there should be many kinds, how much longer will it take for man to cease? At first, before I knew these strangers to be men, I feared that they were sent to bring men to an end quickly; but now, if the world is so very large, and the same sun shines on so many tribes, the end must be a good way off. The forest-tree may raise its head till it reaches the cloud that hides the mountain-top,—the coral may spread out till it binds together all the islands of the sea, before man ceases altogether. Ah! but," pondered the old man, sinking from his mood of exultation to despondency, "though this may be true about the race altogether, may not our part of it be near perishing? Have I not seen it dwindle mournfully in my day? And who knows but these strangers may come to hasten the destruction! Yet, no!" he considered, brightening again. "The strangers who were to arrive in an out-riggerless canoe, were to cause remarkable changes; and it would be no change, but a sad continuation, if men were to dwindle till they cease. These predictions seem to contradict each other, as that about the wonderful canoe contradicted the knowledge of all men. Yet that one became clear. And these may become clear. If these pale strangers should ever appear again, I will ask whether men become fewer in other parts of the great world, and whether their trees grow tall and their corals spread wide. But I can think of all this to-morrow; and to-morrow the stars will not be seen, and no one can look at the sun till evening. Ah, ah! the moon is near the brim of the sea! Can she have waned so much? She looks as if she had but five nights left; but her light is strong on the waves, and I see them heave and sparkle as I never do when she is roundest.—Can she be made young as my eyes are?"

This point might have been settled in a moment by Miava's looking at the vanishing moon under ordinary conditions; and this, of course, he was well aware of. But it was hard to part with his new enjoyment for a moment; and while he was considering about it, the moon dropped beneath the waves.

CHAPTER VII.

A HIGHER DISCLOSURE.

After this night of wondrous enjoyment, misfortune was in store for the old man. Having seen some of the beautiful things in which he had once delighted, he had a mind for more. He desired Idya to take him in the canoe to the clearest and smoothest part of the inlet, that he might gaze down, and once more see the branching corallines. In the midst of his pleasure, the spectacles fell from his nose into the water, and sank fathoms deep. Miava covered his face with a corner of his garment; for he was sorely grieved. Idya presently leaped into the water, and dived again and again; but it was some time before she could find the spectacles; and when she did, one glass was gone, and the other broken. Idya wept abundantly; and there were tears on the old man's cheeks as they drew to the shore.

There they found a fearful sort of consolation.—The white men were come again; at least, their boat was riding in the cove. No one was visible but two men who had been left in charge of the boat, and who had found a pine-apple, a little way off, which they were busily eating,—supposing they had the beach all to themselves. Idya made a sign of silence to the priest, pushed her canoe behind some bushes, entered the water again, and swam to the ship's boat, whence she soon returned with a pair of spectacles, a spoon, and a box of matches.

Miava stroked her head, in sign of approbation of her skill, and drawing back a good way from the water, put on his new spectacles. But where was the beneficent power gone? All objects were dim and confused,—worse than when he used only his own eyes.

He could not recover from his mortification and perplexity,—with which was mingled a fear of the displeasure of the god to whom he ought to have promised an offering before Idya did the deed,—Hiro, the god of thieves.

The Europeans landed, wholly unaware of the loss of their property. They came prepared for barter on a somewhat larger scale, as well as to fill their water-casks from the springs on the shore. The captain was surprised at the depression of the old man, whom he had seen so dignified and self-possessed the day before; but Motuaro, who presented himself in a trice, was as energetic a customer as could be desired. The difficulty was that the islanders had scarcely anything to exchange for the many articles they wished to have. The captain first, to their great joy, offered to pay them for the fish the sailors had taken the day before. For this, he gave Idya a piece of cloth which looked to her very curious and pretty. She wrapped it round her, and found it much lighter and easier than that which she herself had, with hard and protracted toil, beaten out of the fibres of trees. Motuaro saw at once the use of an axe, for which he gave a hog,—his last hog,—saying to himself that Idya must catch more fish, and he would try and find turtle. There were knives and scissors; and the young people saw how useful such things might be made; but they had nothing to give for them. They promised to collect fruits and fowls, and to make some mats, if allowed a few days; but in their own minds they resolved to take what they wanted, in some sly way, from the boat.

When the whites were about to depart, Miava roused himself to use his present opportunity, and, approaching the interpreter, begged him to win over the captain to put the magic again into his spectacles, that he might once more see beautiful things with them.

The captain examined the spectacles, consulted with one of the sailors, and then bade the interpreter ask Miava how long he could see beautiful things with that instrument. He told eloquently what he had beheld yesterday, and during the night, adding that he had lost his treasure in the sea this morning, and Idya had gone to the bottom to recover it.

"The lie and the theft may be the woman's," observed the captain to his men. "These are Dr. Symon's spectacles,—unfit for old eyes. He must have them back, of course; and we must come to an understanding with these people. Get the old man to sit down, Turoa," he added, to the interpreter, "and be sure you make him understand what I say."

The captain and Miava sat down opposite to one another, on the grass, and the interpreter stood beside them,—the sailors being ordered to fall back out of hearing, and look well to the goods and the boat.

"You are a priest, Turoa tells me," the captain began; "and therefore you must be thought wiser than your neighbors."

Miava looked grave, and said that messengers came and went between the gods and the priests.

"And do not the gods permit men to make themselves comfortable by exchanging things with one another, as we have been doing to-day?"

"We grow fruit, and rear fowls and hogs, and catch fish, each for ourselves," replied Miava, "and when we send out warriors to plunder from our enemies, and bring home wealth, the god Hiro goes with them,—if we, the priests, can induce him."

"And then some of the wealth is brought to the priests?"

"Certainly. They have toil in praying and watching."

"And what does Hiro say when you take plunder from one another?"

Miava looked shocked, and said that was a crime for which men and women were sometimes punished with death. Against such, guard was kept. Large pieces of cloth were drawn up to the roof where thieves could not get them; and small ones were laid beside the pillow every night; and the fowls and hogs were housed within the dwellings; and everybody was against thieves, and they were always punished, when they could be caught.

"And if a pair of spectacles, like those, were stolen from my boat, would the thief be put to death?"

"Certainly not," replied Miava. They would be taken from strangers; and there is no harm in that."

"The old fellow is in earnest," observed the captain, aside to a comrade: "but I must make him a little wiser, priest as he is. Did your young friend there find his canoe safe, after we were gone yesterday?" he inquired of Miava.

"Yes."

"And is he satisfied with what my men gave him for his fish?"

"Ask him."

"Why do you suppose we did not take the canoe and the fish without troubling ourselves to give anything in return? We are strong men,—strong enough to carry away by force all that we wish for from this island."

"There are many warriors on the other side," declared Miava.

"Yes; but warriors cannot stand against thunderbolts; and we can blow thunder and lightning upon your people till they lie dead upon the ground, thicker than the skeletons we saw heaped together yonder."

"And," interposed Turoa, "they are struck dead by these thunderbolts, before they have time to throw a spear. And, besides, the whites can do this from such a distance that no spear can reach them."

"Is this true?" asked Miava, bewildered.

"Quite true," said the captain: "but we do not wish to blow our thunder here,—unless you would like to see it."

Miava was quite satisfied with hearing of it.

"Well; why do you suppose we do not take all you have by force?"

"We might hide our things, and go away into the mountains in the night."

"Just so. We should not get what we want if we frightened you away, and spoiled your property. We wish to be friends with you; and for several reasons. We like to see people look cheerful and glad when we come among them. We like to supply you with things which make you comfortable and pleased; and we like to be able to come to your island, and get fresh water when we are thirsty, without putting anybody into a fright, or having to hurt any one. But if you hurt us, we shall be angry perhaps; and if not, we must go and give our useful and wonderful things to some other people."

"We cannot hurt people who blow thunderbolts," humbly observed Miava.

"Yes, you can, though you cannot kill us. A wise man, who is my friend, cannot see the small plants on the ground, nor the leaves on the tall trees to-day, because you have got his spectacles," pointing to the pair held by Miava. The old man, in indistinct shame at the detection, and in an equally vague fear of seeing a thunderbolt issue from some one's mouth, hastened to surrender the spectacles. No one would receive them, as they belonged to no one present; but Dr. Symons was within hail, and he came gladly to recover his property.

"Now try these," said the captain to Miava, tendering him a pair like those of the day before.—Again the old man's delight burst all his restraints of shyness and fear. He produced the frame of the unlucky pair brought up from among the corallines.

"Why did not you show me these before?" asked the captain. You see I can help you. Now—what will you give me for these new ones?" Observing a glance pass between one of his comrades and another, he observed, "Aye, I would give him spectacles, and anything else he had a mind to, with all my heart; but don't you see, the best kindness I can do him and the people of the island is to teach them to trade,—and honestly? A few sugar-cane and hogs are cheap payment for the best lesson any one ever taught them."

The sailors agreed in this; but one could not resist adding to the value of the article, by tying the spectacles on the old man's head with a piece of black ribbon, out of his own private store. Miava promised anything and everything in his power, as the price of this purchase. In consideration of the accident by which he lost the first pair, a turtle, duly consecrated by him, was accepted in payment.

The captain then opened to the awakened mind of the old man, a view of the comforts which would be at the command of the islanders, if they could trade. He showed him axes enough for half the householders in the region. He showed him clasp-knives, tin-bowls, looking-glasses, hammers, and nails, and promised to prove to him at night that he could make his dwelling light in the inside, while all was dark without. But he explained that many men had worked hard to make these wonderful things, and that something that was wanted must be given in return, or there would be no encouragement to bring them. Both promised to consider well what the islanders could offer, or learn to provide, in exchange for such beneficial supplies.

For hours did Miava ponder this conversation. One of the practical conclusions he drew was of some importance.

"When neighbors in a valley can exchange things so as to please one another, there is cheerfulness, and none of the anger and danger that there are when men snatch or steal what they wish for, without considering whether the owner likes to part with the property. If these neighbors were always to consider each what he himself would like to be done to him, and do so to the other, there would be continual peace between them. And if all in the valley were to do the same, there would be peace from end to end. And if," he continued, brightening, "it were so through the whole island, there would be no more war. And if other kinds of men and ourselves were to do the same, there would be no terror, nor blowing of thunderbolts, and we should have their wonderful gifts, and they would have our fresh fruits when they are thirsty, and our mats for a shade at noon. If everywhere men could so please one another as they would be pleased themselves, and there was peace, man would not cease for a long time yet. But then"—and his heart sank—"how could it be about the sacrificing of men to the gods? for no man likes to be sacrificed to Oro; and yet somebody must be devoted by the priests. I must think about this."

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRITUAL TRIBUTE.

The strongest desire was excited in the minds of Miava and his companions, to obtain more of the precious articles brought by the strangers. All the rest of that day, they consulted about raising the means of purchase. Idya was to work harder than she had ever done in her life before, and Motuaro himself promised to go fishing. Idya prepared to go to a marshy place at the foot of the mountains, to catch wild ducks,—a delicate process, about which she was very clever.—swimming softly and slowly, her head covered with a calabash, and thus approaching the birds unseen, and then pulling them quickly under the water by the feet, before they could give notice to their companions. She was also to take her sling, and bring down some wood pigeons. On receiving this last order, she looked grave.

Miava observed that these were all things to eat and drink,—things that would soon disappear, and leave no trace for the foreigners to remember them by. If the strangers could carry something to their own country which people there would admire or could use, the captain might return, and bring more wonderful gifts to the island. Idya must go through the whole thicket, and see how many cotton shrubs there were, and what prospect of seed there was, that she might plant some and raise cotton,—as the interpreter said was done in his island. And she might mark the sandal-wood trees for the captain to look at. Some of his men had talked of bringing axes on shore, Tuora had declared, to fell and carry away sandal-wood.

Idya made no reply but by a shudder, till her husband had gone out,—which he presently did, when there was talk of real work to be done. She then entreated Miava not to send her alone into the bushes, for she was afraid,—not of any man,—not of the gods,—but of her own babe. On the lagoon or the shore, she could look around her and fear nothing; but in the thickets, the spirit of her child appeared to be everywhere,—she could not escape from the spectacle of it; and into the bushes she really dared not go.

Idya attempted to console her by saying that in this vision there was nothing uncommon. He named several women whom he knew to be thus haunted by their lost babes, till some of their offspring were allowed to live, when the liability usually ceased. A sinful thought here crossed his mind,—so shocking that he put it down,—that it was ungrateful and unkind of the gods to torment thus the mothers who showed respect to their celibacy, while, if the same women indulged their own natural affections, they would not be afraid in the thickets, or anywhere else.

Miava's compassion for his young daughter made him wish, as he said, that Motuaro would undertake that part of the business which she shrank from; but, while thieving from strangers was considered an innocent act, there was no chance of men being roused from their indolence to honest industry.—Motuaro was now swimming off to the ship, hoping to bring away some booty from the boat, or by a sly and adventurous visit on board.

He swam round once, unperceived, and he found something so desirable in the course of that circuit, that he had no immediate wish to look further. The ship's flag was hanging so low as to touch the water. Its gay colors and wonderful fabric attracted Motuaro's cupidity, and he seized it, and had nearly cut away half of it, when a shout from on board warned him to retreat. He had, of course, no idea of the sacredness of a flag. The captain knew this, and thought the present a proper opportunity for duly impressing the islanders with a sense of it. He ordered guns to be fired after the swimmer,—taking care that the aim should not be at him, but at the cocoa-nut trees which overshadowed his dwelling.

The middle tree rocked, and fell with a crash, which terrified Miava and Idya as thoroughly as the captain intended. Idya could see the men on board stoop to the guns, as they took aim, and then send forth flame, noise, and destruction.

"They are blowing thunderbolts," she and Miava exclaimed at the same moment.

They next saw that Motuaro was swimming homewards at his utmost speed, and for a moment they wondered that he had been spared. But it was only for a moment. He shrieked out, "The shark!" leaped half out of the water, with a cry of agony, and then disappeared amidst the wide stain of his own blood, which dyed the breakers and the lagoon to the very shore.

The captain was concerned,—not doubting that a shot had unintentionally reached the thief. He sent out a boat to pick up the victim, whose mangled remains showed at a glance what had been the manner of his death.

That night, the captain stood, with Miava and the interpreter, beside the bier, on which the dead man was placed in a sitting posture, his ghastly face appearing above the coverings which hid the rest of the body. No countenance and manner could be less formidable to most people than those of the captain; but Miava regarded him with a painful awe. One cause of this was that the captain had fulfilled his promise of making a dwelling light within, while all was darkness without. He had caused the shed (to which one end of the dwelling was now reduced by the fall of the tree) to be lighted up with lamps,—a spectacle perfectly new in the island. The unwholesome floor had also been swept out, and strewn thick with white coral sand, which seemed to glitter in the lamp-light.

"Tell me," said Miava, solemnly, "are the sharks your messengers? The blue sharks are the messengers of our gods; and you come from near their region of night. If the sharks are your servants, tell me so."

"They are not," replied the captain, with a convincing seriousness. "I did not desire this man's death. If I had, I could have struck him dead in a moment, as I knocked down your tall tree. I wished him to live, and remember that he must not steal from foreigners,—and particularly that he must not touch their sacred things."

Turoa here conveyed to the priest some idea of how and why national flags were tabooed; and Miava promised to teach the king and his subjects so distinctly that there could be no mistake, that no one of them could lay hands on this token of world-wide citizenship, and hope to live. When Miava heard that no men on earth need ever hope to buy it,—that no captain would ever sell it for the wealth of the whole world, he was so deeply impressed as to wonder no longer that the gods had taken up the cause of the white men, and had sent a shark to destroy Motuaro.

He timidly inquired whether, in the country of the flag, Motuaro's widow and family would be tabooed. He was relieved and surprised by the answer that individuals were answerable for their own sins, and that Idya would be pitied and aided,—she being innocent of all offence.

"Then," he exclaimed, "you will not cause her to be tabooed here."

"Certainly not. Show me how I can serve her and I will prove to you how we think on these matters. Where, and how will she live?"

"Where and how would you wish her to live?" asked Miava submissively,—affording an opportunity for a lesson which the captain did not throw away.

"What person in the world does she love best?"

"She loves no one but me."

"What? has she no child?"

That sad story was soon told; and the mournful impression it made on the captain struck Miava forcibly.

"Did she love her husband?"

"No," replied Miava tranquilly. "It was necessary that she should marry him; but she loved only me, her father."

"Then we need not be so sorry for her, after all," said the captain, "except indeed about her babe. If that infant had lived, she would have had some one to love besides you,—some one to care for after you are dead. And you would have had that little one to play about your knees as you sit in the shade, and lead you about when you grow more blind. And you let that child be murdered!"

"You are displeased now," pleaded Miava; "and the gods, and the priests, and the king, would have been angry if the child had lived."

"How do you know that your gods would have been angry?"

"They would have sent misfortunes on Idya, and all of us, if we had let a first-born live?"

"Have you ever tried? I will answer for it there are many mothers willing to try whether it is really so, if you would let them have their way. Would not Idya herself, if you had not overborne her?"

"She would. But to show this disrespect to the gods!—who could dare to permit it?"

The captain quietly said that he doubted whether the gods were satisfied with things as they were. He would show respect to them in a different way.

With extreme eagerness, Miava inquired his meaning, saying,

"You come from near the foundations of the world. You may know more of these things than we do. How may we best show respect to the gods?"

"Do they show your people any lasting favor now?" asked the captain. "If I saw yonder valley full of happy families, I should think you had found a way to please your gods; but I see it desolate, and spread with skeletons. I look for husbands and wives who love each other, and carry their infants in their arms; and here I find a widow who cannot mourn that her husband is dead in his prime, and who dares not go among the bushes lest she should be haunted by the murdered child who ought now to be asleep upon her bosom. What is plainer than that she is punished by the gods for some dreadful mistake? If such is the state of things on the other side of your island, I should say that the gods are so displeased that it would be wise in you to try a new and a better way."

"There is an old prophecy which sounds in my mind in every place at all times," said Miava. And he mournfully repeated the familiar words.

"Why, there is a plain warning for you!" exclaimed the captain. "Your men must cease while you have wars, and murders at the altars and at the birth of infants. If the forest-tree and the coral are not good enough to offer to the gods, and man alone is so, surely he is too good to perish out of the world while forest-trees and corals are growing. Ah! I see your difficulty. You think the gods must have the best of created things devoted to them; and so do I."

"You do?"

"Yes; but in a very different way from yours. If you knew the gods to have one wish stronger than any other, would you not think it most respectful to observe it. Well! all that we know the gods to have made and done shows to my mind that they intend men to grow and ripen, like the fruit on the trees, and not to fall till it is fully ripe. If you planted a tree, and children and foolish people plucked and threw away the fruit,—some as soon as it showed itself, and the rest before it was ripe,—would you not be displeased, and leave the tree to perish?"

"I would taboo the fruit," observed Miava.

"That is right," said the captain. "I wish you would taboo men's lives. That would be the best respect to the gods, who made men live."

The priest covered his face in the agitation caused by this suggestion of a vast idea. The captain quietly left him, beckoning to Turoa to follow him.

"Taboo the life of man!" thought Miava, as he stood alone beside the bier. "What then would be the tribute paid to the gods? Would it not still be the spirits of men,—of living, instead of dead men? If the gods had rather that the spirits of men should ripen and multiply, and be full of wisdom and joy before they go to them in the region of night, no wonder they are displeased at the number of immature and unhappy wretches that we have offered to them! No wonder priests are haunted by the warning that man shall cease! My spirit is heavy and sad; for their displeasure is terrible. But if we can learn a better way, the anger and the curse may be withdrawn, and man may again increase. True was the prophecy, that the out-riggerless canoe should bring about great changes in our world!"

CHAPTER IX.

NATURE AND MAN AT PEACE.

The captain was not sorry that it suited his purposes to move round to the peopled side of the island, for he saw how the germs of civilization which he and his traffic had planted in this new soil might be fostered by his appearing before the king and his subjects as the friend of the influential old priest. The funeral of Motuaro taking place necessarily the next day, the body was conveyed round by the widow and Miava in their canoe, a short time before the ship left her station.

A great number of eager inquirers were assembled round the body, and the king had assured himself that his tabooed subject was beyond the reach of his wrath, when the attention of all was called away by the spectacle of the vessel, so many times larger than any they had ever seen, coming round the point. Miava's explanations of this vessel being the one indicated in the old prophecy fell upon excited minds; and all who heard were ready to obey his directions to prepare for barter.

The exchanges of food and foreign goods were carried on with more order than is usual on the first occasion of a newly-discovered people being one of the parties; and when even the most fortunate sellers found that, much as they had gained, there were many other desirable things which they could not have till they could offer commodities less perishable and more valuable than food, it was not difficult to bring them to a purpose of preparation for a better traffic, if the Europeans would promise to come again. Those who had axes engaged to furnish sandal-wood; and others, enamored of cotton and linen cloths, and being assured that they, by industry, could produce the cotton and flax needed for such fabrics, began to inquire how they could be instructed in the art of growing them. Matting and cordage they could soon supply, to a small amount; and tortoise-shell could be added, when its European value was known. It was only the comprehensive mind of the old priest which could grasp at once all these details, and take in the prospect opened by the advent of Commerce in his world. For him it was almost too much. His breast heaved, as he put the question to the captain,

"What shall I offer to our gods when I send messengers to tell them that the out-riggerless canoe has come?"

"Lay before them," said the captain, seriously, "an axe, and a knife, and a looking-glass, and a garment of cotton. These good things come out of the spirits of men; and they will please the gods till they themselves send natural death to bring the spirits of men to them, when all the work is done that they can do in your world."

The king understood Turoa's words of interpretation, and looked confounded.

"No more sacrifices of men!" he cried.

"No more," said the captain, emphatically, "unless you wish to offend the gods who send you, by that vessel, the changes foretold long ago."

"But how shall I deal with my disobedient subjects?" asked the king, innocently, "if I cannot rid myself of them, and keep them in fear by the sacrifice?"

"The gods will show favor very soon, and make your world happier, and your subjects more contented, and better able to pay tribute than ever before; so that there will be less need to make them afraid. And men will increase; and the more men the more tribute."

"Men will increase?"

"Yes; as surely as the forest-tree rises, and as fast as the coral branches out over the sands of the sea. But not unless you make one great change which you have never yet been told."

"Tell us now," cried the king and priest in a breath.

"I have told you that the gods will henceforth have what the spirits of men can make and do, rather than the spirits themselves; men's works and men's thoughts, rather than their bodies in sacrifice. Do you hear me?"

"Yes. Tell us the other great change."

"No one knows when the spirits of men begin to work, or when they leave off; or whether they work best when their bodies are weak or when they are strong. Every human creature that has a spirit in him must therefore be taken care of, and kept alive as long as possible, that his spirit may do all it can in the world."

"How many spirits have we sent away too early!" exclaimed Miava.

"That was before these changes," said the captain. "When you try the new ways that are now to begin, you will find how the spirits of old men speak wise things, and how the spirits of little children promise what they will do as men,—just as the day-spring promises what the noon will be. And then your old men, and your blind and sick people will not be left to perish because they are weak; and no more infants will be destroyed."

"But what can our women do, with so many children?"

"In our country," the captain began——

"That is near the foundation of the world;—he comes from nearer the gods than we are," the priest solemnly reminded the king.

"In my country," pursued the captain, "we men do differently from you, because we love our children, and do whatever we are permitted to keep them alive. We ourselves get food and build houses and obtain clothes. Our women make the clothes, and keep the houses clean, and cook the food, and take care of the children."

"And must we do as you do?"

"You will do it because you like it, when once you let your infants live to show that they have spirits. If a husband and a wife smile, like those people there,"—pointing to a man and woman who were amused at their child's gambols,—"if one child makes them smile so, think how their spirits would laugh if all that they have destroyed were at play beside them! When every dwelling has such laughter in it, you will know that the gods are favorable, and that man will not cease."

His hearers being absorbed in the contemplation of these wondrous changes, their instructor, whom they now regarded as a messenger from the gods, gravely asked,

"Where is the mother of that dead man?"

Miava looked doubtfully at the king.

"Speak," said the king.

"But the taboo!"

"She must not be hurt," declared the captain.—"The taboo is to be buried in her son's grave."

"Then Motuaro's dwelling, yonder, in the valley ——" said the priest.

"Is for her and for Idya to live in, and for you, Miava, if you will, that all may see that the taboo is taken off, and that the old and the feeble are to be taken care of, for their spirits' sake. If you are willing," he continued, turning to the king; "I will fix a sign on the house which shall make all men know and remember."

The king having nothing to object, a white flag was presently fixed on the roof of Motuaro's dwelling, marking it at once for safety, and as the abode of the old priest.

That done, the captain and his people took leave of the king and priest with parting presents, and promises of further intercourse, either in their own persons or by other messengers from the uttermost parts of the world.

Groups were assembled on every headland, and the tallest trees were occupied by men to watch the sailing away of the mighty vessel.

"It has left behind the will of the gods," thought Miava, "and great gifts from them. I, too, whose eyes were so dim, can see it depart as the young men do. We know now of such changes as were never told to men before since our world was made; and when these messengers come again, they will perhaps show us more. But they have told us the greatest news,—that man shall not now cease. That curse is taken off."

"You were like a preacher or a prophet to these poor people," observed Dr. Symons to the captain, as they stood on deck, watching the receding shores of the beautiful island. "Were my spectacles your text? If so, they are highly honored?"

"Everything is honored, be it what it may," replied the captain, "which is an instrument for introducing the principles and incitements of civilization among a puerile people. Yes,—I was their preacher and prophet just now;—and without affectation,—without any hypocrisy. I thought of nothing less, when I landed, than giving such a discourse; but it warmed my heart and filled my head to see how these children of nature were clearly destined to be carried on some way towards becoming men and Christians by my bringing Commerce to their shores."

Deferred Items.

Colored Carmen.—The Express states that the Mayor refused lately to license a colored carman, although told that Mr. Harper licensed a number.

It will be remembered a slave was cruelly whipped by orders of his master at New Orleans some time since, and one of the editors who published the particulars was sued for libel by the said master. The case was tried a few days since, but the jury could not agree, and were discharged.

The Ohio Methodist Episcopal Conference, in session at Cincinnati, have adopted a resolution approving the proceedings of the General Conference respecting ministers owning slaves.

Bishop Soule says that there has been a decrease of 45,435 members in the northern section of the Methodist church the past year, and an increase of 9,703 in the southern section, while the total increase of the preceding year was 155,000. He ascribes it to the contention and strifes that have rent the church.

The Louisville Times says: "It has been said that the True American is to be started at Louisville. We are inclined to believe this, and at the same time venture the opinion that the citizens of Louisville think that the Journal—an old and long established paper—is amply competent to give them as much discussion of this subject [Slavery] as they are likely to want for some time. Will the citizens exchange opinions with each other on this matter? If the discussion is to go on in this city, which would they prefer, Mr. Prentice and the Louisville Journal, of Mr. C. M. Clay and the True American?"

The Ohio Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, commenced its session at Cincinnati, on Wednesday last. Bishop Hamline is the presiding officer. On Thursday, says a Cincinnati paper, Bishop Soule, being present, was invited to take the chair. The Conference, however, was not willing to recognize him as its presiding officer, and adopted a resolution by an almost unanimous vote, expressing it as "inexpedient and highly improper," for Bishops who have separated themselves from the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to preside in any conference composing said Church.

Supposed Abolitionists Arrested.—Three individuals, Elijah Holmes, ——— Tate, from Goose Creek, Loudon, and Sales Grist, from Pennsylvania, were arrested on the 20th instant, near Flint Hall, Rappahannock county, Va. upon the charge of being engaged in an attempt to carry off slaves.—*Boston Atlas.*

The Charge of "negro stealing" made against Silas Grist, of Adams county, Pa. and Elijah Holmes, of Loudon County, Virginia, and others, has been contradicted. It seems they were in pursuit of some Virginians who had dragged a family of colored people from Pennsylvania, where they had been actually liberated by their mistress, on removing thither, but, on her death, were claimed by her heirs. The individuals named had gone to Rappahannock county, Virginia, to see after the rights of the colored people, whereupon they were surrounded by a mob of "gentlemen," of course, and had to be committed to prison for personal safety. Such are the facts, as we have learned them from reliable sources.—*Balt. Visiter.*

Methodist Convention.—The Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Church, decided by a vote, on the 10th instant, to adhere to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The vote stood *ayes* 146, *noes* 5.

Mr. Cooper who has been so fond of making other people defendants in law suits, is about to figure in that character himself; the Coopersfown Republican states that a suit for slander, against him, has been commenced by Rev. Mr. Tiffany, of that place.

Signs from the South.—A Cincinnati friend writes to me that a man has lately arrived in Cincinnati, bringing four slaves from Mississippi, whom he intends to set free, educate, and settle on a farm. He states that there is a strong growing sentiment against Slavery, in the portion of Mississippi where he resided, and he has no doubt many of his neighbors will follow his example, by emancipating their slaves. Our friend also mentions the recent arrival of thirty emancipated slaves from South Carolina.—*Spirit of Lib.*

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS, }
Northampton, April 14, 1844. }

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